

J. M. High & Co.

The clearing out of many odds and ends, gotten together from our recent "stock taking," commences tomorrow.

2,000 yards Plaid Flannelettes, were 10c, now, to close, at 6 1-2c yard.
A lot of French Gingham, usually 15c and 10c, now 7 1-2c yard.
A lot of American Figured Sateens, were 12 1-2c, now 7 1-2c.
A lot of Figured Duck Suitings, usually 15c, now 10c.
2 cases heavy Unbleached Cotton Flannel, worth 10c, at 5c yard.
3,000 yards short lengths Wamsutta 4-4 Domestic at 7 1-2c.

\$3.00. \$5.00.

67 pairs All Wool, large size White Blankets, were \$5.50 and \$6.00. Slightly soiled is why we offer them at \$3.00 per pair now.
45 pairs White California Mills Blankets, extra size. In a word, they are worth \$5.00, yet will be yours at \$5.00 a pair.

A lot of All Linen Huck Towels, large size, worth 20c, now 12 1-2c.
2,500 yards White Dimity, 12 1-2c kind, to go at 7 1-2c.

Lots in Hosiery at Half Price.
Lots in Lace and Embroideries, Half Price.
Remnants Black Dress Goods.
Remnants Colored Dress Goods.
Lots in Gents' Underwear, Half Price.
Lots in Handkerchiefs and Gloves at Half Price.
Remnants Silks.
Remnants Flannels and Wash Goods.

Remnants and Odd Lots From Every Department at Half Value.

Muslin Underwear.

Just 5 Lots named here, yet sufficient to show that we will knock out any and all special sales elsewhere.

Ladies' Muslin Gowns, V and high neck, assorted styles, a full garment, nicely trimmed, worth \$1.25; to go At 79c
Ladies' good muslin Corset Covers At 13c
Ladies' muslin and cambric Drawers, a dozen styles of lace and embroidery trimming worth \$1.00 At 50c
Ladies' Muslin Gowns, full length and width, nicely trimmed and well made, worth \$1.00; At 59c
Ladies' Gowns and Skirts, handsomely trimmed, several styles, usually \$1.50 and \$1.75; to go At \$1.00 Each

SHOES. We have entirely too many; new goods, yet when we want to reduce stock it does not matter whether old or new; they are cut and cut deep.

Infants' Shoes at 50c, worth 75c.
Children's Spring Heel Shoes, patent tip 65c.
Misses' Spring Heel, patent tip, from \$1.50 to \$1.00 now.
Ladies' Button Boots, patent tip, worth \$1.50; at \$1.00.
Ladies' Vici Kid Button Boots, opera heel and toe, worth \$2.00; at \$1.35.
Ladies' Bright Dongola Boots, opera and square toes, worth \$2.50; at \$1.75.
A lot of Ladies' French Kid Button Boots, hand-sewed, worth \$4.00 and \$5.00, sizes irregular, to be closed at \$2.50.
Boys' Spring Heel School Shoes, were \$2.50, now \$1.50.
Men's Calf Bals, all style toes, worth \$2.50, at \$1.50.
Men's hand-sewed Calf Bals and Congress, usually \$5.00, now \$3.00.

YOU ARE TO BE BENEFITED BY AN EARLY INSPECTION

J. M. High & Co.,
Whitehall, Hunter and Broad Sts.

HIGH'S BASEMENT IN NEW HANDS.

NOTICE:

F. D. High has this day withdrawn from the firm of J. M. High & Co. He has bought from us our Basement Department, in which is carried a full and complete line of Crockery, Glassware and Housefurnishings. We bespeak for him the liberal patronage bestowed upon us in this department.
J. M. HIGH & CO.
January 9, 1896.

ANNOUNCEMENT

In withdrawing from the firm of J. M. High & Co., I desire to publicly express my appreciation of the many kindnesses extended to me by the firm, its employees and its patrons. Mr. W. M. Jordan will assist me in the management, and we promise to the public to do our very best to please you and merit your patronage. The stock was bought from J. M. High & Co. at 20 per cent less than the inventory price, actual factory cost. No allowance was made for freight, which is a considerable item in this line; so we are in a position to offer prices that can't be duplicated in Atlanta, New York or Chicago. We offer this entire stock of Cut-Glass, Bric-a-Brac, Art Pottery, China, Glass and Housefurnishings at prices that will astonish every dealer in the state and interest every prudent purchaser.

LAMPS AT HALF PRICE.

69 decorated Vase Lamps sold by J. M. High & Co. at \$1.50.
New price 98c each.
48 decorated Vase Lamps sold by J. M. High & Co. at \$2.25.
New price \$1.25 each.
29 decorated Vase Central Draft Lamps that sold at \$5 and \$6.
New price \$2.98 each.

29 Banquet Lamps, onyx center, cast brass heads, that sold at \$10 and \$12.
New price \$5 each.
29 (greatest of all bargains) Banquet Lamps, 24 inches high, 16-inch silk shades, that sold at \$4.50.
New price \$3.19 each.

TEA POTS.

A GREAT BARGAIN TABLE of handsomely decorated fire-proof Tea Pots, in three lots; worth \$2, \$1.50 and \$1.
New price \$1.75 and 50c.
HAVILAND CUPS AND SAUCERS.
A delayed shipment bought by J. M. High & Co. to sell at \$5 dozen—and they would be bargains at that price—but we want money.
The new price is \$3 dozen.

\$500 worth of CUT GLASS

Not the inferior Cut Glass—off color and off cut that is so frequently offered in the market, but RICH FIRST-QUALITY CRYSTAL, NEWEST CUTTINGS AND SHAPES, at one-fourth less than any jeweler or crockery store dare quote you.

DINNER SETS

If you want one at a bargain, come quick—the price we will name will please you.

SPECIALS:

100 doz. gold-edge decorated Plates, choice of four decorations, bought by J. M. High & Co. to sell at \$1.75 dozen, our price Monday only 10c Each.
Between 9 and 12 o'clock Monday only, 75 doz. good Table Tumblers, worth 50c, one dozen to a customer, at 25c dozen.
200 sets of silver plated Table Spoons, three to set, worth 50c, at 10c Set.
Glass Salad Bowls, a variety of shapes and sizes, worth twice our price, 10 to 40c Each.

TO OUT-OF-TOWN PEOPLE:

Express or freight charges on all purchases of \$10 and over will be paid to any place in a radius of one hundred miles from Atlanta. No charge for packing.

FORREST D. HIGH,
HIGH'S BASEMENT.

RIGHT IN THE FIGHT!

We are not quite as large as some of our neighbors, but we sell the quantities all the same, and at prices cheaper than most merchants can buy them. Price goods anywhere on earth, then come to

E. M. Bass & Co.
37 WHITEHALL—30-S-BROAD

and make your dollar do the work of two.

2,000 Ladies' fine Chemisettes in plain white and stripes; the regular price 25c, closing price 5c each.
50 dozen Ladies' heavy Balbriggan Vests; the old price 25c, closing price 10c each.
1,000 doz. spools Sewing Silks, in black and colors; worth 10c a spool, closing price 1c each.

WE SELL EVERYTHING AT ACTUAL COST. SOME PEOPLE NEAR US MAY TELL YOU THE SAME THING, BUT REMEMBER WHEN WE SAY COST IT MEANS THE ACTUAL COST OF GOODS IN MARKET.

15 dozen Men's all-wool Scarlet Undershirts; worth 50c, but the closing price will be 10c each.
10,000 cakes Castile Soap. You know what it is worth. Well, the closing price is 1c a cake.
1 case Book Fold Irish Lawns, 38 inches wide, in pretty styles; it's the 12 1-2c kind; closing price 5c yard.

THIS IS THE LAST WEEK OF OUR ACTUAL COST PRICE SALE. ON JANUARY 20th WE BEGIN OUR ANNUAL INVENTORY, AND OUR STOCK MUST BE GREATLY REDUCED. IT WILL BE TO YOUR INTEREST TO VISIT US MONDAY AND EVERY DAY NEXT WEEK.

One box new Spring Embroideries; the regular 15c kind, but our closing price will be 4c a yard.
One box new Spring Embroideries; the regular 25c goods, but our closing price will be 9c a yard.
One box new Spring Embroideries; the regular 39c kind, but our closing price will be 15c a yard.

REMEMBER, EVERYTHING IN WOOL DRESS GOODS, SILKS, TRIMMINGS, VELVETS, HOSIERY, UNDERWEAR, CORSETS, GLOVES, TABLE LINENS, TOWELS, NAPKINS, BLANKETS, COMFORTS, NOTIONS, LACES, EMBROIDERIES, LADIES' FURNISHING GOODS, MISSES' FURNISHING GOODS, UMBRELLAS, LININGS, FINDINGS, CAPES AND JACKETS AT COST. OTHERS MAY SAY COST OR LESS THAN COST, BUT YOU CAN COUNT ON OUR PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST.

LININGS AND FINDINGS.

Good quality Dress Shields 1c.
Best quality Skirt Cambrics 3 1-2c.
Gilbert's best Silesias for 8c.
Gilbert's best Percales for 8c.
Best Linen Canvas for 12c.
4 yards best Velvetene Bindings 7c.
Best N. V. B. Cord Bindings 23c.
Best plain and barred Crinolins 6c.
Best quality Linen Grass Cloth 8c.
Best quality Bunch Bones 4c.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

25c 36-inch Diagonals for 10 1-2c.
35c Chevron fancy Suitings 12 1-2c.
40c all wool Serges 21 1-2c.
50c Mohair Sicillians 29c.
\$1.25 Silk Finished Henriettas 48 1-2c.
\$1.25 Jacquard Biarritz for 52 1-2c.
\$1.00 Broad Wale Diagonals 48 1-2c.
\$1.25 Tailor Serges for 48 1-2c.
Remnants Black Goods half price.

COATS AT COST

UNDERWEAR.

Ladies' Fine Fleece Vests for 10c.
25c Children's Pants and Vests 15c.
\$1 Ladies' fine wool Garments 50c.
\$1.25 Ladies' fine wool Garments 65c.
75c Ladies' fine Union Suits 38c.
\$1 Misses' fine wool Union Suits 58c.
\$1.25 Misses' fine wool Union Suits 78c.
\$1.50 Ladies' fine Union Suits 75c.
\$2 Ladies' all wool Union Suits 98c.
\$2.50 Ladies' all wool Union Suits \$1.25.

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

19c fancy Gaufrage Pongees 7 1-2c.
25c fancy Diagonals for 10 1-2c.
40c all wool Serges for 21 1-2c.
40c pretty wool Plaids for 22c.
\$1.25 Silk and wool Plaids 65c.
50c very fine Eiderdowns 29c.
\$1.25 French Boucle Suitings 75c.
75c all wool Henriettas 29c.
Remnants Colored Goods half price.

CAPE AT COST

COMFORTABLES.

\$1.25 7 lbs. extra large Comforts, 59c.
\$1.50 7 lbs. extra large Comforts, 75c.
\$2.00 large and heavy Comforts, 98c.
\$2.48 extra large and heavy Comforts, \$1.25.
\$2.98 extra large and fine Comforts, \$1.48.
\$3.50 very fine large Comforts, \$1.98.
\$4.00 exquisite Comforts for \$2.48.
\$4.48 handsome Comforts for \$2.98.
We have nearly one hundred bales of Comforts on hand and they must go.

SILKS! SILKS! SILKS!

65c black Surah Serge, 25c.
60c fine Taffeta Plisse, 25c.
75c figured India Silks, 39c.
\$1.25 fine Gros Grain Silk, 68c.
\$1.39 all Silk Satin Duchesse, 69c.
\$1.69 24-inch Satin Duchesse, 75c.
\$2.00 extra heavy Satin Duchesse, 95c.
\$1.25 evening Shades Satin, 75c.
Remnants Silk half price.

GOODS AT COST

LADIES' BAZAAR

E. M. Bass & Co.
37 WHITEHALL—30-S-BROAD

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Passenger business into this territory. Every year or so the roads resolve to abolish commissions. The spasm of virtue and economy lasts for a month or two and then somebody breaks through and in no time everybody is paying commissions again. Only last summer the Southern Passenger Association sent out 100,000 circulars to every ticket agent in the country, announcing that the Nnees in the southern territory had determined not to pay any more commissions. Now the ticket agents will prob-

Peoria, Ill., January 10.—Singer & Wheeler, wholesale druggists, for whom an application for a receiver was recently made and denied, made an assignment today. The liabilities are \$416,000; assets \$397,000.

hardship. He posted himself thoroughly on the conditions of Guatemala while there.

Like all other negroes who made the trip, he owed the railroad contractor for

bosses who have charge of the men are often the worst of criminals—men who are wanted for crimes in the United States.

Morgan, after working out his transportation fee, escaped and worked his pas-

ants daily at 11:00 a.m.
 domestic sleepers to Columbia, arriving at
 Columbia for breakfast.
 For any other information call on
 E. J. WALKER,
 Agent, 6 Kimball House.
 Jan 12-28

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The liabilities are \$416,000; assets \$397,000.

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See 12-300

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration. A dark, irregular stain is visible along the right edge, possibly from a binding or a liquid spill. The left edge shows the binding of the book.

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h. Pop Corn, Miss Hunt; Queen Charlotte, e

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W. B. Hinsley; Bonaparte, Clem Phillips
Louis XIV, Custis Anderson; Count Mont
Cristo, Leon Dura; Judge in Maud Muller

Lee Jordan; Tallvrand, Sam Dunlap; Monte
Friedl, August Warkne; Wm. A. Moody
and Mrs. W. A. Moody; N. A. Nafstad;
Jacques DeNicker; Granville Conner, Sr.
and Mrs. Conner; Mrs. W. A. Nafstad;
Con. Cap Swick. Little Billie, of New
York; Stewart Jones; the new woman
from the city; and the new woman from
the city. The lovely peasant suit worn by
Della Rogers was purchased in Europe.
The peasant costume in which Mrs. Manly
B. Curry was attired was bought by her
father, Mr. C. Bacon, last fall in
Norway.

Madison, Ga., January 11.—(Special.)—
Wednesday night, at the elegant country
residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and
Mrs. M. H. Little, the wedding of the
Miss Mary Lou Middlemire, who was
married to Mr. Claude Hill Cox, of Farming
ton. The house had been elaborately dec-
orated with flowers, ferns, and festoons of
greens, ferns and flowers. The bride
where. Dazzling lights shone upon a large

assemblage of friends and relatives of the contracting parties gathered to do homage to the court of Honor. The same was

impressive one as the happy couple marched in and took their stand in front of Rev. W. C. Smith, who officiated at the ceremony which made them man and wife.

Immediately after the ceremony and following the congratulations, the guests were ushered into the spacious dining hall where the feast was served. The guests lingered long at the feetal board.

The presents received by this popular young couple were of a most valuable and many of them rare and costly gifts. The bride's trousseau was most complete, the contracting parties, Mr. and Mrs. Cox, will reside in their new home at Farmington, where the presence of a host of friends will follow them.

LaGrange, Ga., January 11—(Special.)—The Young Matrons' Club was entertained last evening at a most enjoyable affair by Buckley, at the home of her father, Mr. J. C. Buckley, who was the host of the evening. Given by these hospitable entertainers, the affair was strictly recherche in every respect. The program was most enjoyable, but perhaps the most unique number was the reading of a letter from Mitchell, which had also been read by Mrs. L. D. father, Mr. Henry Banks, before the club some time ago. The letter was dated some one hundred years hence, and it was a curious and interesting story of many of his then exaggerated predictions.

Continued on Page Eight



New Wide Umbrella Skirt, cambric, \$2.00.



Umbrella Skirt (new), flared ruffle, \$1.00 each.



Ladies' Laundered Waists, spring styles, 50c each.

Our Big January Sale Of Ladies' Muslin Underwear, New White Goods, New Embroideries and New Wash Goods is a great go. Closing sales of all winter goods make this store a very attractive place just now. **WE HAVE NEVER DONE SUCH BUSINESS IN JANUARY BEFORE.**

Write our Mail Order Department for what you want. Prompt attention and reliable service. Experienced people to fill your orders.



Douglas, Thomas & Davison,

61 WHITEHALL, HALF THE BLOCK ON BROAD.



Our Dressmaking Department has at last caught up with the rush, and can take new orders for prompt delivery. Best work and moderate charges.

Rough Boucle Coats, latest worth \$12.50, at \$7.50 each.



Rough Boucle Fur-Trimmed Coats, very full, \$10.00 and \$7.50 each.

Coats And Capes.

If you haven't bought yet, your opportunity is this week. Some prices which seem unreasonable so small are they. Double Cloth Capes, very full, proper length and of good material, each \$2.50

Coats, English Box Coat Style, full ripple back, new short cut, each \$2.50

Some 200 new style coats, 4 button, English box coat style, full ripple or coat backs, of boucle, cheviot, etc. Garments worth to \$12.50 each.

Special lot of fine Boucle Coats, the \$12.50 and \$15.00 kinds. Those familiar with the D. T. & D. Cloaks will know how to appreciate this quotation, \$9.00 each

At \$12.50 we will sell a line of our very finest Boucle Coats. Been \$20.00 and \$22.00. It will be short work at this price.

Big lot new low priced Capes in during the last few days, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 each. All bought at closing prices and old acc ordingly.

Ready-made Suits.

Tailor-made Cheviot Cloth Suits, new style box coat cut, wide, liberal skirt, perfect fitting; any necessary alterations made to secure exact fit in every case. Special for January Sale, \$7.50 each

Special lot of rough Storm Suits, 4-button Reefer style, in navy or black, Skirt cut on the new full model. \$10.00 each.

Habit Cloth Suits in black, brown and navy, latest Short Box Coat style, lined skirts or unlined as preferred. The best suit ever designed for all around service, \$12.50 and \$10.00 each

Wool Dress Goods.

Those who come now will find some extremely interesting prices—prices on just such goods as are wanted right now.

All-wool Clay Worsted, in navy and black, undoubtedly the best article ever produced for so small a sum, 44 inches wide, 50c Yard

SERGE—the standby of a greater number of women than any half-dozen fabrics. Here's a good one: All-wool, nicely finished, 48 inches wide, all shades, 39c Yard

Rough Boucle Novelty Dress Goods, showing combinations of black and navy, black and red, black and brown, black and green, etc.; 1 1/2 yards wide, \$1.25 Yard

A limited line of Novelty Suits—they are worth up to \$15 each. The quality and goods are right—Choice at \$5 Each

That Silk Sale.

Those who came bought—those who failed to get in missed some rare bargains. This week we add some fifty more pieces and "good times will come again." The lot as added to includes striped and brocaded Taffetas from the dollar lines, Louisines, Chenes, etc., an immense lot suitable for waists, for costumes, for petticoats, etc., etc. Center counter dress goods aisle, 69c yard

Domestics.

Yard-wide unbleached Sea Island, 5c Yard

Utica Mills bleached yard-wide Domestic, a regular 10c number, 7 1/2c Yard

Berkeley Cambric, instead of 10c, for the January sale 7 1/2c Yard

Cotton Outings.

A lot bought at auction—somewhat damaged from fire and water—in a perfect condition they would be worth 12 1/2c, They are 5c Yard

NEW 1896 PERCALES. Patterns produced for the spring season; dark, medium and light shades. These Percales are the kind you can afford to make up, as they hold their color 12 1/2c Yard

MEN'S --- Furnishing Goods.

Men's colored Negligee laundered Shirts, collars and cuffs attached.

Special 50c each

Men's better quality laundered Shirts, French Percale, fast colors, new style collars and link or plain cuffs attached and detached, all sizes, new lot, \$1.00 each

Men's laundered Monarch Shirts, white and colored bosom, all styles, all sleeve lengths, \$1.00 each

Men's white laundered Linen bosom Shirts, D. T. D. woven label, open back, open front, and open back only, 50c and 75c each

Men's white unlaundersed Shirts, re-enforced front and back, set in Linen bosom front and back, 50c, 75c and \$1 each

Men's white unlaundersed Shirts, re-enforced front and back, 35c each, 3 for \$1

Men's silver gray cotton ribbed Underwear, Shirts and Drawers, all sizes, 35c each, 3 for \$1

Men's Ecu ribbed cotton Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, improved finished seams, 50c each

Men's Camel hair finish and natural wool heavy Shirts and Drawers, on center counter at 50c garment

Men's better quality natural and fancy wool heavy Shirts and Drawers, 75c per garment

Men's all wool red and brown Shirts and Drawers, extra good value, marked down to \$1 per garment

Boys' genuine French Percale Shirt Waists, in light, medium and dark colors, all ages, "Champion Brand," 50c each

Boys' Percale finish Shirt Waists, all ages, 25c each

Men's Night Shirts, colored, trimmed and plain white, full length and width, superior muslin, 50c and 75c each

Men's elastic and nonelastic web Suspenders, adjustable lengths, 25c each

Men's heavy bleached and unbleached Canton Flannel Drawers, stockinet and tape bottom, 50c pair

Men's four ply all linen collars just received, all new shapes and styles in turn, down and standing, 10c each

Men's four ply all linen cuffs, round and square corners, 15c pair

Men's silk neckwear, all the leading shapes and effects in colorings, including bows, scarfs, flowing and straight end four in hands, marked to close at 50c each

Boys' Mackintoshes, \$3.25 each

Boys' Rain Coats, \$2.25 each

Men's Mackintoshes, \$3.75 each

Men's Rubber Coats, \$2.50 each

Men's 26 and 28 inch Umbrellas, paragon frame, gloria silk, 98c and \$1.25 each.

The Underwear Sale.

Of the past week has been the most notable ever held in a southern state. It is not a sale of trash—nor a sale of common goods at a low price—but a sale of well made, high class Underwear—such garments as knowing people appreciate and buy. This week we add hundreds of more styles to the Big Counter Sales. The opportunity of the year to supply your needs.

Gowns—made of standard cotton, cluster tucked yokes, ruffle trimmed neck and sleeves, 50c Each

EMPIRE GOWNS—of good muslin, ruffle trimmed, big collar and embroidery across front, 75c Each

Cluster tucked ruffle trimmed cambric Gowns, 75c Each

Empire Gowns with big embroidered collar, high or V neck, lace or embroidery trimmed; two dozen different styles at, 75c Each

Cambric Gowns, Empire cut, lace trimmed collar and yoke; Beauties, 98c Each

Elaborate Empire Gowns with embroidery or lace trimming, high or V neck, lace or embroidery trimmed yokes, cambric or muslin. Many garments not to be had at less than \$1.50 at any other time. SPECIAL COUNTER AT 98c Each

UMBRELLA SKIRTS—with deep flaring ruffle, embroidery trimmed, 98c Each

UMBRELLA DRAWERS—New, very full and nicely trimmed, 98c Each

Skirts with lace or embroidery trimming, deep ruffles and cluster tucks, 75c Each

Chemise and Corset Covers, dainty lace trimmed and embroidery trimmed, cambric and fine muslin garments, made up as no other ready made Underwear is made up. Special assortments, worth a great deal more on, 50c, 75c and 98c Tables

Our display of fine garments is a rare one—perfect creations, such styles as are never shown in ready-made departments. BRIDAL OUTFITS COMPLETE—A FEATURE

The 1896 White Goods

Are a go from the start. Public approval has been stamped upon them. Department in its new location—main aisle, a grand success. Pick now from a clean, fresh, up-to-date stock.

Full Bolts of Imperial long Cloth, 12 yards to the bolt, a soft fine cloth almost a duplicate of the well known Johns Cambric Per Bolt \$1.20

High grade Imperial long Cloth, the imported kinds, of equal fineness, cost twice as much, Per Piece of 12 yards \$1.50

English soft finish Nainsook, 40 inches wide, particularly nice for infants' wear, and ladies' fine undergarments, Pieces of 12 yards \$1.75 piece

That 20c India Linen, last week's business on this article was something enormous, 36 inches wide, and always 25c, January Sale Price, 20c

Fine India Dimity, pin stripes and checks, the daintiest of all white goods, this has enough weight to assure good wear, ought to be 25c, January Sale Price, 15c

A Persian Lawn at 20c—we want to call special attention to—it is worth 25c anywhere and always—The January Price 20c.

Victoria Lawn—the old reliable sort—the kind you can depend on for wear—A very Special grade 15c yard.

Checked and Striped Nainsook. The line we now show is superior in all respects to anything we have ever attempted before. See our leading line at 12 1/2c yard.

Soft finish Check Nainsook. Those who have tried it need not be told of its merits—15c yard

Tuckings and Reverings for Yokings, in narrow tucks, cluster tucks, tucks and open work, etc.

Lace Curtains.

Our buyer bought too many and to convert into quick assets we will inaugurate a sale at such prices that will soon reduce surplus stock.

\$1.25 Curtains, full size, pair, 69c

\$1.50 Curtains, full size, pair, 89c

\$2.00 Curtains, 48 to 60 inches, 3 1/2 yards, 1.25

\$2.50 Curtains, 48 to 60 inches, 3 1/2 and 4 yards, 1.50

\$3.00 Curtains, 48 to 60 inches, 3 1/2 and 4 yards, 1.50

\$4.00 Curtains, 48 to 60 inches, 3 1/2 and 4 yards, 2.00

\$5.00 Curtains 48 to 60 inches, 3 1/2 and 4 yards, 2.50

These last are Scotch nets and launder perfectly; also Brussels nets.

\$7.00 Irish Points for, 3.90

\$8.00 Irish Points for Brussels nets, 4.50

Chenille Portieres—special sale of odd pairs—none worth less than \$3.00, some \$4.50, pair, 1.60

Window Shades, opaque mounted on best spring rollers, 3x6 feet, fringed, daded or plain, 35c

Stationery.

No concern anywhere (this is absolutely true) sells stationery as cheap as D. T. & D.

Real Dixie Linen, a high class paper, in note sizes, ruled or plain, put up in pound packages, Price 15c pound

First class Linen Envelopes, square to match the paper, 50 package

Our own D. T. & D. water mark real Irish Linen, far and away the best paper ever sold for even twice as much money, smooth or rough finish, nicely put up in pound boxes, 25c Box

Envelopes to match our real Irish Linen Paper, beautifully put up in boxes to match the paper, Per Box 25c

Those Tablets at 2 1/2c are a constant surprise, kinds for pen or pencil use, none worth less than 10c some to 25c.

HOSIERY.

150 dozen Gents' Shaw-knit half Hose, light weight gray 15c; heavy weight gray and fast black, 16 1/2c

100 dozen Ladies' and Gents' extra heavy weight fast black Hose, 4 thread, guaranteed to wear well, 25c pair

110 dozen Boys' fast black Bicycle Hose, extra heavy, all sizes, 6 to 10, at 20c pair

50 dozen Infants' fine 1-1 rib Cashmere Hose, tan, white and fast black, 25c pair

100 dozen Gents' wool and Cashmere half Hose, black, tan and gray, 19c, 25c, 33 1/2c and 50c pair

120 dozen Ladies' fleeced lined Hose, fast black, 10c, 25c, 33 1/2c and 50c pair

Gents' Wristlets, silk 35c; wool, 15c pair

Boys' Knee Protectors, Leather and Jersey, 25c pair

Ear Muffs 10c and 25c pair

Gents' Bicycle and fancy Golf Hose, wool and cotton, 25c, 50c, 85c, \$1.50 and \$2 pair

Doll Shoes 10c, Doll Hose 5c pair

Ladies', Gents' and Children's fast black Hose, with solid white feet, 25c, 33 1/2c and 50c pair

Ladies' out size extra wide fast black Hose, medium and heavy weight, 25c, 33 1/2c and 50c pair

Complete line Ladies', Gents', Misses', Boys' and Infants' Leggings, made of Leather, Jersey, Corduroy and Zephyr.

Ladies' Dresden and natural stick handle Umbrellas, gloria silk and paragon frames, 98c, \$1.25 and \$1.50 each.

CARPETS.

The new tariff bill raises the duties on wool and woolsens, including Carpets, \$28,000,000 per year. Avoid paying part of this also any of the late advances, by securing your share of our low priced Carpets and Rugs before large advances are made, now certain to come soon.

Your convenience as to payments. Cash and Credit. Tapestry Brussels, with and without borders, also stairs to match, yard 59c, 49c, 39c.

Bargains in Stair Carpeting and Runners.

Ingrains, all wool; yard wide, Room patterns, 39c

Ingrains, good colors, bright patterns, 35c

Linoleums, per square yard, 45c

RUGS.

All wool, reversible, 36x63, 50c

Body Brussels Rugs, fringed, 27x50, 59c

Reversible Mats, fringed, 21x36, 35c

Special prices on Japanese Art Squares. Wool Art Squares 9x9 feet, \$4.40.

SHOES.

Are made to wear long, bought to sell quick, not to keep. Such prices on such goods keep our Shoes moving—capital turning over.

Women's Footwear.

The finest Shoes in our store, button and lace, made by the best makers in America. The assortment of kinds is perfect, the sizes somewhat broken. We've determined to give our customers a grand "Benefit" for a few days. They're all choice, but to get suited we advise an early visit. \$3.00 the pair

Purchase limited to one pair in a family.

Felt fur top high cut "Juliettes" and Slippers, arrived too late for Xmas; won't carry over—'tis against our law as distributors of merchandise. Although they did bring during the holidays \$2.00 and \$1.50, they go now at, \$1.00 the pair

Purchase limited as above

Satin Slippers, white, black, red, blue, cream, canary; after Xmas price, \$1.60 pair

Misses' School Shoes.

Extension soles, patent tips, stylish and everlasting wearers, sizes 12 to 2, \$1.25

Same Shoe, 8 1/2 to 11 1/2, \$1.00

Same Shoe, 5 to 8, 90c

The above are our regular goods; can be had of us at any time and in any quantity, and we defy any house to show as good a Shoe for the same money.

Men's Shoes.

We have made one bargain counter from the finest, highest priced Shoes—about six kinds. We recommend these and ask regular patrons to call early for the best selection. \$3.00 pair.

Men's Russia calf high cut "Romeos," kid lined throughout, \$2.50; after Xmas price, \$1.80

Men's Slippers, chamois lined throughout, \$2.00; after Xmas price, \$1.30

Men's Storm Rubbers, best, from Exposition, 75c

Men's Plain Rubbers, from Exposition, 50c

Women's Storm Rubbers, best, from Exposition, 50c

Misses' Storm Rubbers, best, from Exposition, 40c

Children's Rubbers, from Exposition, 30c

Ladies and Gentlemen, try our new patent half soles; put on while you wait. If you are not delighted with them after a week's wear your money refunded. 35c pair.

CROCKERY DEPARTMENT.

Heavy Hotel Tumblers, each 2 1/2c

Heavy Hotel Goblets, each 4c

Heavy Hotel Sirup Pitchers, each 12c

Heavy Hotel Vinegar Jugs, cut glass, each 10c

Thin blown Tumblers, initial, will close out, each 4c

See our bargain counter of A. D. Coffees, Leonard's China, each 18c

See our bargain counter of Vases, each 10c

Knives and Forks, Landers,

Frery & Clarke brand, good steel, per set 75c

William Rogers' Knives and Forks, standard, per set \$3.75

Carving Sets, best brands, per set 75c

Kitchen Knives, each 10c

Butcher Knives, each 10c

Pocket Scales, 1 pound, each 10c

Mincing Knives, each 5c

Silver plated Teaspoons,

Keely Company



The Embroidery Avalanche.

A Spring Festival in the very heart of Mid-Winter. Delicate beauties holding high carnival—graceful revelry. An early importation of Embroideries that will entertain and interest you in advance of the coming season. Even the salespeople view them with an audible murmur of pleasure. They will also inspire your enthusiasm if you have a soul susceptible to the charm and daintiness of exquisite dress. Be you woman or dry-goods man; poet or artist, we defy you to look upon this generous out-spread of filmy novelties and not rave. The usual way is to conceal the new goods until after the night of February. There are aged and crippled lots, you know, left from the preceding season, unless the selling is very narrowly guarded. The dealer doesn't want this rag-tag jumble of antique and obsolete patterns. He arranges for you to take them. Hence the annual paroxysms of "closing-out sales." With the fresh styles in sight, of course you'd pass the old. That's why the latest are kept hidden. In bygone days we did something of that sort. Are wiser now. Certainly we wish to sell fragments of remaining stocks, and we try to, but they are merely casual—the dust of the movement. Our plan is to speed the parting of lingering stuffs at the end of each season with such winning prices that you are charmed, as you ought to be, and make instant friends with the bargains. We have no rubbish to be rid of. The spick-and-span Embroideries are here; they came out of the boxes yesterday. Lovelier, daintier, sweeter than ever—if possible. Snowy pictures on snow, as it were; or just touched with exquisite tints.

Edgings, Demi-Ploucing, Skirtings, All Overs and Bands. Dream-like designs traced on foundations of Cotton Chiffon. Airy, cobwebby—almost minus substance. You wonder how the finest machinery and deftest fingers ever created such fairy and delicate fabrics.

Infants' Skirtings, various widths of hems, with or without cute little tucks, prettied with bands of Valenciennes Lace or sprayed with sprinklings of refined embroidery.

A large assortment of Embroidery Bands edged with Valenciennes Lace.

A large assortment of Baby Sets with Insertings to match.

Embroidered Linen Grass Cloth with All Overs and Bands to match for women's dresses.

Novelty Colored Embroideries with Bands to match.

..White Goods..

Think of whatever should make up a perfect collection of White Goods. Make it twice over as attractive as your most extravagant imagination suggests—dream of absolute completeness and you then have a fair notion of our stock. Kinds and qualities as you never saw them elsewhere. Prices have been whittled as near the vanishing point as possible. It should be remembered that our very best efforts are in the present activity. Every idea, every device, every thought that can commend it to your judgment will be availed of.

All the offerings are in the line of progressive merchandising. Not a petty, liberal lot in the list. Not meager tail-end-of-the-season stuffs, of which you hear and see so much about. Every item is a positive bargain, because the combined power of capital, experience, skill, conscience and the highest science of applied trading are in the case for your benefit. The satisfaction that comes to buyers by getting so much value for so little money must result to our permanent credit.

Checked Nainsook, 7½c, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c, 25c. Soft finish Checked Mulls, worth 25c; at 15c. Checked Egyptian Dimity, worth 30c; at 20c. Striped Indian Dimity, worth 35c; at 25c. Linon d'Linon, 10c, 12½c, 15c, 20c and 25c. Plain English Nainsooks, 15c, 20c, 25c, 30c and 35c. Linen Lawn, 36 in. wide, at 40c and 50c. Masalia Cloth, worth 50c; at 35c. Jones' Cambric, 36 in. wide, worth 30c; at 20c. English Long Cloth, French Organics, Nainsooks, Impied White Floues and Marcellines, 15c to 50c.

Teaspoons, per
d Tablespoons,
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s, each 25c

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Oct 27-ly sun tues thur

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Can be made by my plain Co-operative Speculation in Wall Street on investment of \$100. Sums from \$10 upward received. Not one of my clients has ever lost a dollar on my plan. Send for prospectus and market letter, mailed free. Highest references furnished. E. MORTIMER PINE, banker and broker, 38 Broadway, New York.

THE CHICAGO BOARD OF TRADE.—As many complaints are coming to the Chicago Board of Trade showing that persons intending to deal in grain and provisions through members of the board and subject to its rules and regulations are misled into dealing with persons or firms who have no connection with this board, the public is cautioned against dealing with such persons or firms, and is notified that GEORGE F. STONE, secretary, will answer any inquiry as to whether a particular person or firm is a member of such board. GEORGE F. STONE, Secretary, August 5-6p sun wed

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Join the "Inner Wheel Syndicate." Pays \$10 per month for New York Produce Exchange, \$100 in Gold Bonds, and \$1,000 in Stock. In \$1,000 cash. No risk. No loss. No trouble. Bank. Sealed particulars to WILCOX & CO. Brokers, 52 Broadway, New York.

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If you are interested in speculation write for our little book on the subject "Speculation and How to Trade" which will be sent free to any applicant. Cotton and grain futures bought and sold on limited margins. C. F. VAN KINKLE & CO., Room 40, 238 La Salle Street, Chicago, Oct 27-31st sun

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The first important consideration is a financially responsible house. Write for our valuable book of information, second edition, mailed free.
HAMPDEN F. THOMAS & CO., Grain, Stock and Bond Brokers, 123 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago, Jan 12-24 sun tues thur

D. H. DOUGHERTY.

J. E. MURPHY.

DOUGHERTY & MURPHY

\$29,000 WORTH OF GOODS at 50c on the dollar will be the attraction at our stores Monday morning. Over 200 cases of these goods received in the last three days. We scooped in the entire stock of goods of a merchant who wished to retire from business. These goods we have purchased are no shop worn or refused goods we are offering at such low prices, but fresh, well selected goods. New York cost sales, inventory sales or bankrupt sales can't compete with our prices. It took nerve as well as money to buy this large stock of goods this season of the year. We are going to give dull times a black eye and the public the biggest bargains in Silks, Black and Colored Dress Goods, Table Linens, Blankets, Comforts, Handkerchiefs, Hosiery, Notions, and, in fact, everything in the dry goods line. We bought this stock of goods to sell, and the prices we marked will move it. Note a few of our specials we offer you:

SILKS.

You will find a Bargain Counter of Silks in the rear of our stores, in lengths from 1 1-2 to 12 yards, including Chinas, Failles, Satin Luxors, Surahs, Dresden Effects and Peau de Soies, and the price will be one-third what you pay elsewhere for them.

HOW ARE THESE PRICES?

50c Brocaded Silks for.....25c
50c Surah Silk at.....35c
1.36 Dresden Silks now.....75c
1.25 Satin Duchesse cut to.....85c
1.00 Stripes or Figured Silk reduced.....55c
75c China Silks will be.....37c
Big lot Figured China Silks to be sold for what they will bring.

Black Dress Goods

You will find no trouble in selecting a nice black dress from our Bargain Table of Remnants. We will sell you an all wool dress for less than you have been paying for a half cotton one. We quote you a few of our prices to give you an idea of what inducements we have for you.

38 inch Novelty Suiting.....17½c
40 inch Silk-finish Henrietta, all Wool.....25c
38 inch all Wool Surah Serge.....24c
1.25 Priestly's Silk Warp Goods.....75c
1.50 Priestly's Silk Warp in Brocaded effects.....89c
2.00 Priestly's Silk Warp Henriettas.....\$1.00
Double width Dress Goods, good quality, at.....10c
We will sell any piece of Figured Mohair in the house at Original Cost.
Plain Brilliantine, good quality, at.....25c

Colored
DRESS GOODS.

Three (3) Center Tables of Colored Dress Goods in bolts, and two Counters of Remnants of Colored Dress Goods will be sold Monday. The people never had the opportunity of supplying themselves with Dress Goods at so small an expense as they will have at this GREAT SALE. Read a few of the starters.

34 inch Mixed Suitings.....10c
36 inch Figured Mohair.....17½c
38 inch Mohair Serge, good value 39c.....20c
40c all Wool Cheviot, Boucle Effect.....29c
50c Silk-finish all Wool Henrietta, for Monday.....37c
38 inch all Wool Serge or Henrietta, 45c kind, for.....24c
1.25 Serge, beautiful finish, 44 inches wide, at.....65c
38 inch Novelty Suiting as a "Leader" for.....25c
52 inch Dress Suitings, originally \$1.25, will be.....85c
40 inch Silk and all Wool Plaids, pretty effects, \$1.00 values.....65c

We will sell any Novelty Suit in the house at Original Cost. Job lot Henriettas, for Monday, 7 1-2c yard.

Not having room in our stocks for this \$29,000 stock of goods, we will arrange it in the rear of our stores on center counters. Come MONDAY MORNING, and take advantage of these goods while they last.

DOUGHERTY & MURPHY.
74-76 WHITEHALL STREET.

LINENS.

The Linens in the stock of goods we bought are of pretty designs and splendid qualities. Our Linen department was complete before our last purchase. We have no room in it for any more goods. We will put this line of Linens on the Bargain Tables in rear of our stores. The price on these goods have been knifed until there is nothing left to tell the original price but the fine quality of the goods.

45c Satin Table Damask at.....25c
Good width half bleached Linen.....23c
Red Table Linen will be.....12½c
72 inch full bleached Damask for.....49c
1.00 Turkey red oil colors Linen.....63c
1.25 bleached Satin Damask at.....79c

TOWELS, NAPKINS AND DOILIES.

Some of them slightly soiled, will be sacrificed for what we can get for them. Remnants of Linens from 1¼ to 3 yards will be sold for less than half price.

Blankets and Comforts

We are determined not to carry over a Blanket or Comfort. We have cut the price on these goods to close them out. We have a big stock of them on hand. Have several pairs of very fine California Blankets, slightly soiled, that some one is going to get a big bargain in. If you are thinking of buying an Eiderdown Comfort we can certainly interest you. These prices are correct.

75c Comforts reduced.....58c
\$1.45 Comforts now.....\$1.00
\$1.15 Comforts now.....75c
\$5.25 Blankets for.....\$3.75
\$4.25 Blankets, cut.....\$2.50
\$6.75 Blankets will be.....\$4.75
\$3.00 Blankets marked.....\$1.75
\$1.25 Blankets for.....98c
\$11.50 California Blankets.....\$7.75
Any Eiderdown Comfort in stock half price.

Domestic Goods.

We can save you from 15 to 25 per cent on all of your Domestic. Buying them in large quantities enables us to give our customers the inside prices.

4-4 Fruit of the Loom Bleaching, for Monday.....7½c
Good yard wide Sheeting at.....5c
Best of Drilling now.....6½c
Standard Apron Gingham.....5c
Good quality Cotton Flannel.....5c
Splendid quality Dress Gingham.....5c
10-4 Bleached Sheeting for.....16c

Gents' Furnishings

15c Linen Collars.....5c
40c and 50c Ties, good styles.....15c
Good linen bosom re-enforced white Shirt, 50c kind, 3 for.....\$1.00
85c Laundered Shirt.....50c
4-ply Linen Cuff.....12½c
Dark colored Outing Shirts.....25c
25c Windsor Ties.....10c

Ladies' and Gents' Wool Underwear, entire stock at actual cost. Big lot Laces, Handkerchiefs, Gloves and Corsets bought in this stock will be sold

REGARDLESS OF COST.

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30 PAGES.

ATLANTA, GA., January 12, 1896.

Our Correspondent in Cuba.

The Constitution prints this morning the first of a series of special reports from Mr. P. J. Moran, of our staff, who has been sent to Cuba with instructions to remain until he gets at the essential facts of the situation.

Cuban news comes through so many doubtful sources that it is difficult to sift the true from the false. Mr. Moran is a veteran correspondent, and he has a nose for news and is not afraid to give the facts. He will make a careful study of the revolution from every point of view, and his special reports will fairly present both sides of the questions involved.

These letters will be among the most notable and interesting sent from Cuba during the present struggle and our readers cannot afford to miss them.

Such a mission is expensive, but The Constitution is determined that its readers shall have the news, no matter what it costs, and Mr. Moran is the man of all others to undertake the venture. His special this morning is merely introductory to a series of interesting dispatches soon to follow.

A Very Pretty Row.

The New York Sun, following hard upon the heels of Mr. Cleveland, makes a most savage attack on Editor Pulitzer, of The New York World. One wonders as much at Mr. Dana's furious onslaught as at Mr. Cleveland's ferocious epithets. What is behind it all? What has Editor Pulitzer done? How has he offended these great men? And how does it happen in this day and time that an editor should so suddenly and mysteriously excite the fury of the president and the ire of such an affable old gentleman as Mr. Dana?

It would be an easy matter to say that Mr. Dana's ferocity was purely professional and, therefore, Pickwickian—and so pass it over as an outcropping of the enlightened journalism of the metropolis; but there is a note of personal frenzy in the attack that is not explainable on these grounds. The curiosity that is common to human nature justifies us in inquiring what all this is about; and this curiosity is the author in regard to Mr. Cleveland's attack on The World (supposing it to be The World that the president attacked) as it is in regard to Mr. Dana's.

There is some reasonable doubt as to whether Mr. Cleveland meant his remarks for The World, but there is no doubt whatever as to Mr. Dana's intention. He places the name of Pulitzer at the head of the article and then proceeds to flay his esteemed contemporary alive—that is to say if a man can be flayed alive by The Sun's editorial invective.

Mr. Cleveland's Cañery letter does not mention Mr. Pulitzer or The World, but merely refers to "a mendacious and sensational newspaper." If we look for the motive behind the abuse, we will find it. The World has been attacked by Mr. Cleveland; and this is not a new thing. Mr. Pulitzer's paper has been busily engaged in defending Mr. Cleveland from the octopus of the money power. It has merely called on him to issue a call for popular subscriptions to the new loan, and to "smash the ring"—the ring being, it is to be presumed, the syndicate, which, owing to the small stock of gold in the country, was enabled to corner \$200,000,000.

As for the declaration that Mr. Cleveland had been in consultation with Mr. Morgan before the bond call was issued, and that Mr. Morgan knew all about it before anybody else, it is a fact that it was the common property of all the newspapers who maintain correspondents at the capital. The Evening Post, which denounced Mr. Cleveland as an ignorant blackguard when he sent his Venezuela message, made the charge of collusion; so did The Herald; so, in fact, did all the newspapers.

But this is not all; in order to show that they and their correspondents were correct, they pointed out the fact that although Mr. Morgan's contract with the syndicate banks was made several days before the bond call was advertised, that eminent financier knew that the bonds were to be dated on the 5th of February, 1896, instead of on the 12th of February, 1896, and made a point

of his contract cover that deduction. Now, outside of the white house, the only place where Mr. Morgan could get this important information was the treasury department, and that is a matter for congress to look into if congress has any curiosity about it.

Now, there are a good many of Mr. Pulitzer's methods that we do not admire, but we have watched his paper closely since it began to demand a so-called popular loan and we have never seen any attack on Mr. Cleveland or any allusion to him at which a well-balanced public official could take offense. Mr. Cleveland, in his Cañery letter, says that he has always been in favor of a popular loan. This being so, Mr. Pulitzer was his friendly ally and nothing more.

Mr. Dana, in his Pulitzer article, rushes to the defense of Mr. Morgan; but Mr. Dana has said worse things about Mr. Cleveland than The World has ever said about Mr. Morgan.

But after all is said, the mystery remains. Why should Mr. Cleveland turn furiously on The World, and why should Mr. Dana rush so furiously to the defense of Mr. Morgan? The public needs some light on this business.

The Goldbugs Show Their Hand.

The result of the democratic caucus in the Kentucky legislature will gratify every genuine democrat in the land. Senator Joe Blackburn, one of the most loyal democrats in the land, was renominated by his party.

A bitter fight has been made on him by the so-called "sound" money men claiming to be democrats; the powerful influence of Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Carlisle has been employed against him; the federal office holders throughout the state have brought to bear against him the pressure of such influence as they possess; the money power opposed him, and the whisky ring lobbied in behalf of his opponents; but, in spite of all these he has been renominated by his party.

The result of the democratic caucus tells the old story, to wit: that wherever the party has a majority of the people behind it, the pressure of public opinion compels its representatives to stand for democratic principles. In spite of the efforts made by the administration to prevent the renomination of Senator Blackburn—in spite of the influence of Mr. Carlisle in his own state, a majority of the democrats of the Kentucky legislature have remained true to their convictions, true to their party, and true to the people.

Under all the circumstances, the renomination of Senator Blackburn is a great victory for those democrats who have remained true to their party and resisted the insidious attempts of the money power to influence their votes and modify their views. It is a substantial victory for democratic principle.

Fourteen members of the Kentucky legislature, who call themselves democrats, but who get the most important of their principles from the republicans, refused to go into the democratic caucus. The republican principles of finance, which they have lately espoused, or which they pretend to have espoused, to please Mr. Carlisle and the president, are too dear to their hearts at this time to permit them to consort politically with those who believe in democratic doctrine. So, true to their new instincts, they refused to enter a caucus in which they knew that they were doomed to defeat, and now they are at work to scuttle the democratic ship.

It is gratifying to know that if they had participated in the caucus and cast their votes against Senator Blackburn, their attitude would not have changed the result. The senator would have received the democratic nomination in any event, and by an overwhelming majority. They refused to go into the caucus, knowing that their opposition to Blackburn would be ineffective, and that their participation would bind them to vote for him when the election takes place in the legislature. To this they would not commit themselves. They preferred rather to bolt the caucus, the interests of the money power being dearer to them than the interests of their party, or than such democratic principles as may have survived the wreck of their convictions.

And yet, the attitude of these gold men in the Kentucky legislature is perfectly consistent with the record of men of their kind in all parts of the country. Though they constitute but a small minority of the democratic party in the states where the democratic party is at all powerful or active, they are, nevertheless, quick to sow the seeds of dissension, revolt and demoralization wherever they appear. They are quick to perceive that, if they cannot prevail upon the democratic party to accept republican doctrines, there is no place in the party for them; and so they always hold themselves ready to bolt party conventions, caucuses and conferences. They do not hesitate to employ efforts to destroy the harmony and unity of the organization if they cannot bend it to their vicious designs.

In short, the purpose of those who, for personal reasons, have endorsed the financial policy of the administration, or who, for any reason whatever, have been seized with the conviction that the destructive financial policy of the republicans is right, is to rule or ruin. If they cannot control the party they are ready to cripple or destroy it. If they cannot have their own way, they give eager aid and comfort to the republicans who are the enemies of the party and the people.

Thus, while the democratic party in the Kentucky legislature has nominated Blackburn, the so-called democrats

who refused to participate in the caucus for fear of having to forego for a moment their republican doctrines, will probably combine with their allies, the republicans, to defeat him. If so, the party will know how to deal with these men hereafter; for if Senator Blackburn is defeated, it will be a defeat for the party and not for the senator personally.

Democrats throughout the rest of the country may well be pardoned for watching the result of the senatorial election in Kentucky with extreme interest.

A Few Notable Facts.

Now that the exposition is a thing of the past, it is in order to review some of its most remarkable features.

1. We made our big show a brilliant success without the attraction of horse-racing.

2. No gambling or betting in any shape was permitted.

3. We did not have to violate the Sabbath in order to draw crowds.

We kept the liquor traffic strictly regulated, closing the saloons at 10 o'clock, and allowing no wine, spirits or beer to be sold on Sunday.

Under these strict regulations the exposition was largely patronized, and was pronounced a success by the leading newspapers and most eminent men of the country.

These facts carry their own commentary with them, and we defy all the expositions in history to show a better record!

A Record of Aggression.

While we are discussing the seizures of territory by the British in Venezuela and south Africa, the following brief list of some of England's land grabs will be of interest:

Gibraltar. Captured by English and Dutch, 1704, and summarily appropriated by Sir George Rooke. The Encyclopedia Britannica says: "It is hardly to the honor of England that it was unprincipled enough to sanction the occupation."

Malta. Forbly occupied, 1810. Acedon islands. Seized by a belated state on the plea that it failed to make due reparation for injury done to a shipwrecked British crew.

Trinidad. Forbly occupied by the British, 1797.

Africa, including the gold coast, Bechuanaland, the Sudan, Cape Colony, Zululand and all the rich parts of the continent.

"Acquired by a deliberate policy of aggression, subsidized private companies and compulsory annexation of native states."

Ceylon. Seized from the Dutch by the British, 1795, and complete British sovereignty arbitrarily assumed, 1815.

Ascension islands. Forbly occupied, 1815. British Burmah, Berberia, Borneo, Hong Kong, Heligoland, Gozo and St. Helena. "All acquired by conquest."

Nothing is said here about British India, and scores of naval coaling stations scattered all over the world are not mentioned.

For generations the British have seized islands and choice bits of territory all over the globe, and there is no telling how far they would have gone if the United States and Germany had not called a halt.

The other civilized powers cannot, without disregarding their own interests, stand by any longer and see England appropriate everything in sight. Her policy of aggression will have to be checked by the other powers as a matter of self-preservation.

Factories Make Cities.

The Greenville, S. C., News recently had the following editorial paragraph: Probably the largest number of immigrants that have ever come into South Carolina in one body since the days when the first settlers came in on the backs of pack animals. They were gathered in three counties in North Carolina, and came direct from the farms, and will work in the cotton mills.

This is a very significant item. A large number of factories would, of course, multiply the number of families attracted by them to a community. These people are not only workers and producers, but they are also consumers and they build up markets for the neighboring farmers.

Our agriculturists could have no better stroke of good fortune than a manufacturing boom in the south. It would build up the towns, keep cash in circulation all the year round, and cause farm products to be in active demand at good prices.

Farms enjoy their greatest prosperity when they are located near flourishing factory towns.

Atlanta's New Directory.

Mr. H. G. Saunders is to be congratulated upon his new Atlanta city directory for 1896.

The volume embraces 1,473 pages, and shows that we now have a population of 114,340. Mr. Saunders announces a new feature which will add greatly to the value of his work. Every three months he will issue a supplement, showing what changes in residence have occurred since the previous issue. The regular subscribers will be supplied with the supplement free of cost.

It is the first time that this feature has ever been added to a directory, and it is quite likely that Atlanta's example will be followed in other cities. The book is a valuable and substantial volume, with its contents well arranged and classified.

The Loyal Canadians.

The Canadians are giving themselves up to a temporary fit of loyalty.

At Montreal the other night the audience in a theater hissed our flag and the picture of the statue of Liberty. Then, they called for the union jack, but would not be satisfied until they were assured that the actor who carried it was Englishman.

It is hard to understand this ebullition of feeling, and we cannot believe that it has any real depth. Why should the Canadians warmly espouse the cause of a country 3,000 miles away, separated from them by the broad Atlantic?

They are our neighbors, and they have seen the American people success-

fully revolt against the British crown and grow from 3,000,000 to 70,000,000 people, enjoying the fullest measure of liberty. Why, then, should the Canadians stick to England, when they lived next door to our great republic long enough to know that it is the best and freest government in the world. They know that we are not handicapped by any of the oppressive features of royalty and aristocracy. In the United States a man makes his own place, and does not depend upon the accident of birth. Our farmers and mechanics become great generals, statesmen and presidents. Our rulers are not born in the purple. They do not hold high positions on account of what their ancestors did centuries ago.

We believe that the Canadians have caught something of the American spirit, and when the critical test comes we feel confident that they will act like freemen in sympathy with free institutions. There is no good reason why they should forever remain loyal to England—a country in which democratic ideas are making rapid progress. Sooner or later, Canada will be a part of our union, or will be free. It is her destiny.

He Should Resign.

Chief Justice Snodgrass, of the supreme court of Tennessee, is under indictment for using his pistol and attempting the life of a fellow citizen, but he persists in holding on to his high position in defiance of public opinion. The Memphis Commercial-Appeal says:

We grieve to say that Judge Snodgrass himself seems to have no notion of the shocking impropriety of his remaining on the bench. That he should, not more so, but that he should, in a case of this kind, persist in holding on to his high position in defiance of public opinion. The Memphis Commercial-Appeal says:

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looked sheepish, and the woman blushed and pretended to be angry. There are never monkey with.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

Major Isadoro Philip Girardey, who is now connected with a piano factory at Paducah, claims to be the original inventor of the famous "devil's bombshell," which did such deadly work during the war between the states. Major Girardey is an ex-confederate, and designed his wonderful bomb while serving as chief of ordnance to the late president of the United States, General Bragg. He claims that the Girardey bomb is the only projectile in existence which is absolutely harmless in handling and absolutely fatal in execution. The bomb has been patented in France and was used on both sides during the Franco-Prussian war. It was also used by the soldiers of the czar in the late war of the Russians with the Turks. The Girardey bomb was once offered for his design, but declined it. The Paducah News says: "Major Girardey is an expert in several callings. He is a fine musician, a master of more than 100 and a practical machinist and a good piano maker. He has had a cosmopolitan education and training. He speaks English perfectly, and is a brilliant conversationalist. He is an endless store of reminiscences, and he tells them with the dexterity of an old soldier. In appearance he is perfectly erect. His long white beard sweeps a broad chest and his blue eyes are as bright as a youth's. Isadoro Philip Girardey was born at St. Amant, near Bel-Fort, on the borders of Alsace and Switzerland, sixty years ago. He moved to Paducah at the age of four, with his father, Hon. James Girardey, who settled at Augusta. When thirteen years old young Girardey went back to France and enlisted in Louis Philippe's army. There he received the martial training which afterwards contributed so greatly to his success in the confederate ranks."

Says The Wilmington Messenger: "After all the efforts to get the schools interested in the Vance monument fund, no more than \$20 had been raised in all North Carolina. This is a beggarly and disgraceful sum. What a slow people are our people to help such a patriotic cause! Will not some lady rather be a plain poet, without the trimmings?"

The Charleston News and Courier has the following: "The Philadelphia Press remarks: 'Atlanta having worked hard over its exposition with little encouragement from its neighbors, and having achieved wonderful success, already the penalties of greatness are overtaking it. For instance, it is putting in a claim to be "Atlanta's seaport." If Charleston doesn't show any more energy than it did during the war, it will find it more useful as a rest-cure resort than as a seaport.' The Press, as usual, speaks without knowledge. Charleston was the first of southern cities, we believe, to do work in a practical way to help make the great exposition in Atlanta a success. Charleston took the initiative in organizing the South Carolina state exhibit. It was the best state exhibit made at the exposition. Charleston is not jealous of Atlanta, and should be Atlanta's seaport. Atlanta must have a seaport, and whether it happens to be nearer to Atlanta than Philadelphia, it is true, as the Press says, that Charleston is a rest-cure resort. The editor of The Press should go to Atlanta and see for himself. Atlanta will find it more useful as a rest-cure resort than as a seaport. The Press, as usual, speaks without knowledge. Charleston was the first of southern cities, we believe, to do work in a practical way to help make the great exposition in Atlanta a success. Charleston took the initiative in organizing the South Carolina state exhibit. It was the best state exhibit made at the exposition. Charleston is not jealous of Atlanta, and should be Atlanta's seaport. Atlanta must have a seaport, and whether it happens to be nearer to Atlanta than Philadelphia, it is true, as the Press says, that Charleston is a rest-cure resort. The editor of The Press should go to Atlanta and see for himself. 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Religion in the Pulpit

AND
Around the Fireside.

The Lament of the Cedar.

Melancholy child of nature, O thou trou-
ble-haunted tree,
Stirred by some mysterious spirit, can no
day's comfort thee?
Does no star in yonder heaven smile its
promise on thy brow,
Art thou doomed to weep forever as the
seasons come and go?
Why is yonder proud magnolia, decked in
such a peerless bloom,
Robed in morning's gown of beauty; thou,
in midnight's garb of gloom?
Standing in thy solemn shadow, 'neath thy
branches overhanging,
Bottly breathe to me the secret; tell me,
wherefore art thou sad?
"Listen, child," returned the cedar, "once
upon a time I stood,
Thrice as proud as you magnolia; queen of
Eden's solitude,
Not a bloom in all the garden smiled as
regal as my own,
And I laughed amid the sunshine, holding
yonder tree in scorn.
"But," resumed the cedar, sighing, "evil
wrought its changing spell;
Satan crept into the garden and the world's
first woman fell,
Passing through the flaming portals, lo, I
mirrored her distress,
While you proud magnolia blossom stole
her guilty loveliness!
"Ever since that moment sadly, I have
wandered up and down,
Through the odors of perfume sighing, o'er
the hills of Lebanon,
I have steeped the mournful waters in a
deeper pall of gloom,
And my shade has often drifted o'er the
tenants of the tomb.
"Till this sin-sick earth is chastened; till
its fever throbs no more
I must spend my days in penance weeping
for the guilt of yore.
But immortal blooms await me in that
paradise afar,
And my grief shall turn to smiling under-
neath the morning star!"
L. L. KNIGHT.

Love's Alchemy.

To clouds, that weep their tears in dew and
rain,
We owe God's gifts of flowers, and fruits,
and grain;
Likewise Love's life strange transmuta-
tions show,
And rare alchemic changes undergo;
Today, sweet Love, in tears and sorrow
flows
Her heavenly seed, and almost hopeless
grows
Back to her dark and lonesome house of
woe.
Tomorrow, weeping, she returns, when lo!
In shapes and places unexpected,
Her sorrow's secret tears
Of anguish and of fear,
(Seeds of a sacred pain,
Born in Love's soul, and therein taking
root),
She doth behold again,
In radiant flowers and in ambrosial fruit,
Divinely resurrected!
CHARLES W. HUBNER.

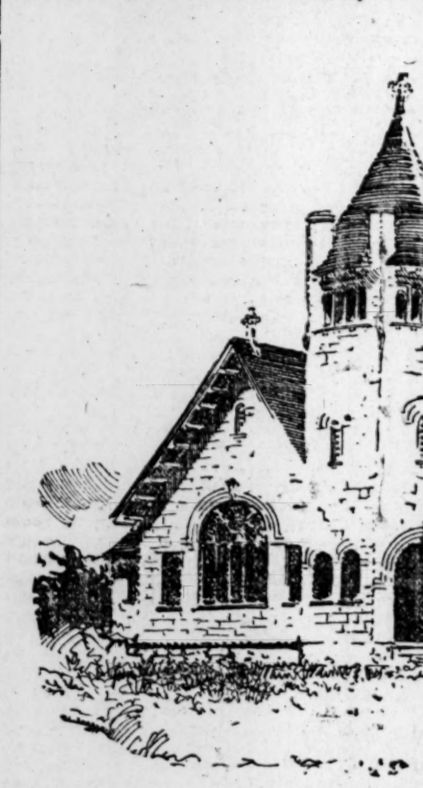
Pastors are requested to send their
church notices to the business office
of The Constitution each Saturday by
noon. If received at a later hour the
editor will be compelled to omit them
from the church column or include
them in the list of unclassified notices.
The use of this column is extended to
all the churches of the city and relig-
ious items as well as formal notices
will be gladly received.

Missionary Crisis in Turkey.
Aside of the present disturbances in Tur-
key not widely known is the bearing of
these disturbances upon the American mis-
sionary operations in that country. During
sixty years, various missionary societies
and the American Bible Society have been
preaching light and life in that country,
until many of the people have acquired a
love for both. Turkey has long been resis-
tant under this constant effort to enlighten
the people. Western ideas have been offi-
cially declared to be unsuited to the Tur-
kish atmosphere. The "American religion"
and American modes of thought tend to
make Americans discontented when they
are commanded to hand over their property
or their wives and daughters for the
necessary requirements of the "servants of
God" set to rule over them under the
benign shadow of the sultan. Especially
have the teachings of the missionaries been
most distasteful to the Moslem hierarchy,
whose inculcation of the command: "Thou
shalt not think" is a hundred times more
valuable than their exhortations to obey
the command: "Thou shalt not commit
adultery."

During ten years the effort of the Tur-
kish government has been to find and block
the sources of power in the teachings of
the missionaries. Books have been sub-
jected to the most rigid criticism and have
been placed under control of Turkish
officials, with power to direct the course
of study and the choice of teachers and of
textbooks, and since have diligently watch-
ed the sermons of the preachers in order to
suppress and suppress any subversive doc-
trines. Everything has been done that
could be done, but no word or sign or act
of disloyalty or sedition has ever revealed
itself to the most rigid scrutiny. Yet the
"baneful" influence has continued to carry
the Armenians of Asiatic Turkey forward
in manhood and in power. Poor and almost
invisible to others though their progress
has been, it has been apparent to the
Turks. Officials have openly said that un-
less something can be done to check the
disproportionate progress of the Armenian
and other Christians, in one or two de-
cades the Christians will everywhere be
influential through improvement of prop-
erty, weight of character and intellectual
superiority. Fervent efforts to multiply
schools for Mohammedans have latterly been
made by Turkey. But somehow the Mos-
lem schools do not have the desired effect,
and then come back to add to the influence
of the Armenian people in Turkey. But no
one ever heard of a Kurd or a Laz or a
Tatar or a Turkoman who has gone
abroad and taken a university degree.
At length it was decided that the growth
of the Armenians in all these lines must
be stopped in the interest of the Moslems
themselves. Else evidence in Turkey might
easily become torture to the unfortunate
Turks.

Accordingly, in the months of October and
November, orders from some very high
authority were sent out for the "servants
of God" to discipline the Armenians
throughout Asiatic Turkey. The discipline
consisted in killing educated or wealthy
Armenians and selling or destroying the

property of the others during a specified
number of hours; the time being fixed at
from four to eight hours, according to the
degree of turpitude of the city or town to
be disciplined. Under these orders from 20,
000 to 30,000 unarmed and helpless Arme-
nians (mostly men) have been killed, and
over 40,000 have been stripped of their
property; in hundreds of cases even of the
clothes on their backs.
Just as the Turkish nation was begin-
ning to breathe more freely, and the offi-
cers of the government were beginning to
gather in the widows and orphans for in-
corporation in the Mohammedan popula-
tion, while the more zealous of them were
offering the alternative of Islam or the
sword to thousands of the starving sur-
vivors, what should the six powers of
Europe do, but object to the whole pro-
ceeding. This interference with the sov-
ereignty of the sultan and the internal ad-
ministration of the Turkish empire has
produced a coolness, not to say tension,
between Turkey and the European powers.
Turkey daresly hints that if Europe persists
in demanding unreasonable changes in the
Turkish methods of administration, the



CHURCH OF INCARNATION.

Pretty New Episcopal Church To Be Erected in West End.

populace may become irritated and put all
foreigners to sword. In fact, it threatens
to hold the foreigners in Turkey as hos-
tages for the good behavior of Europe.
The point for contention at this juncture
is that the question now at issue in Tur-
key is not the Armenian question, nor the
eastern question, but the question of the
lawfulness of civilization. The question
whether light or night shall rule Turkey is
not a matter for the serious considera-
tion of the United States. It is only neces-
sary to consider the amounts annually ex-
pended by the American people through the mis-
sionary societies and the Bible society and
to regard this annual outlay as the interest
of a capital that produces it, to see that
the capital interested in these missions
with their schools, colleges and publication
houses, runs well up into the millions.
All who know the principles of the mission
work in Turkey know that it has been
conducted with prudence, tact and in sub-
ordination to the laws of the land. Mis-
sionaries have never asked for government
protection as missionaries, but solely for
the protection of the law as businessmen.
This principle may be unchallenged
that they have taken pains to obey the most
vexatious Turkish laws, and to have every-
thing that they do open to the inspection
of the Turkish government. Until the
adoption of the present reactionary policy
by Turkey, the missionaries and their work
have reached a great extension. The
Turkish government officials who came in
contact with its details and its results.
Under such encouragements of an official
character the operations of the societies
have reached a great extension. The
American mission enterprises in Turkey, re-
garded merely as business enterprises, are
lawful undertakings fully entitled to the
protection of the United States government
in case they are wantonly assailed.

During the past two months thousands
of dollars' worth of books belonging to the
Bible and missionary societies have been
pillaged or burnt. One station of the Amer-
ican board has had its buildings stripped
of their contents and the larger part of
them destroyed with the assistance of
Turkish troops. Another station has had
three of its buildings pillaged and a
theological seminary destroyed by the sole
agency of Turkish troops. And now, in the
question whether the present regime in
Turkey is to be allowed by the world to
continue with its violent destruction of
whatever makes for progress, its slaughter
of teachers and preachers and its martyr-
dom of those Christians who will not ac-
cept Mohammedanism, is involved the ques-
tion whether the vast investments of the
American people in the improvement of the
Turkish populations is to be wiped out. The
Hon. T. F. Bayard in 1886 made a careful
study, as secretary of state, of the grounds
of the rights of American missionaries in
Turkey. He came to the conclusion that
the rights of these missionaries to con-
duct their schools, hospitals, chapels and
other enterprises as in the past, rest upon
treaties, and since a mass of incident and
evidence connected with the interpretation
of the treaties extending through a long
term of years which has all the effect of
a charter. In view of the great capital
now threatened with extinction in Turkey
and of the rights acquired by the sixty
years of encouragement given to the mis-
sions by Turkey, has the United States
government any duty to perform toward
securing the restoration of the rule of
justice in Turkey? Unquestionably it has.
—Notary, in the Interior.

Church of the Incarnation.

One of the most interesting little con-
gregations in the state is that of the
Church of the Incarnation, West End.
A beautiful church edifice will be erected
in a few months, near the corner of Lee
and Gordon streets, and the cost of the
building will not be less than \$50,000.
This church was organized as a mission

in 1892. It continued its character as such
until the first of July, 1895, at which time
it was organized into a church. The mem-
bers of the Ladies Aid Society are en-
titled to the credit of this conversion.
Realizing that the situation was a good
one and that a strong religious body could
be organized and well sustained in such
a flourishing community as West End they
made up their mind to raise the necessary
money for making it a self-sustaining and
independent organization. Having put their
shoulders to the wheel they succeeded in
raising enough money to require the ser-
vices of a rector, thereby relieving Bishop
Nelson of that expense.

Rev. W. J. Page, of Virginia, was called
to serve the church as rector. He came
directly to Atlanta and assumed his pas-
toral duties last summer. Under his wise
administration the church has steadily
grown in membership and has made a
record which will bear comparison with
that of many of the older and stronger or-
ganizations of the city.
The lot on which the new building will
be erected is the gift of Mrs. VanDyke
and her children. The size of the lot is
sixty by ninety feet. The committee to so-
licit subscriptions for the church building
is composed of Messrs. M. C. Goodman,
George S. Obeir, George H. Wade, C. W.
Smith, W. S. Kelley, B. F. Ferris, H. C.
Cole and John L. Clem. The committee has
already met with splendid success in rais-
ing funds.

MR. BARCLAY'S STORY.

His Account of the Recent Losses Sus-
tained by the Mission.

The misfortune which happened to the
Barclay mission several days ago was a
most untimely one and the helpless condi-
tion of the little mission appeals to the
practical sympathy of all the Christian
people of this city, irrespective of denomi-
nation.
In addition to the handsome organ which
was lost by the falling of the walls a
life-size portrait of Osgood Saunders, one
of the pioneer workers in the mission, was
likewise destroyed. This was the only por-
trait of Mr. Saunders in existence.
Mr. Barclay was seen in regard to the
mission last week and the story he tells
is a most pathetic one. The work will
not stop, however, and with the assistance
of his earnest co-workers Mr. Barclay
will devote himself with greater zeal than
ever to the restoration of the mission.
"Osgood years past heavy," said Mr. J.
F. Barclay in referring to the falling of
the mission wall last week.
"But we are all thankful that it did not
occur the night before. As our custom
has been for years, we held a 'watch
meeting' service on Tuesday night and
were there until 12 o'clock. Had the wall
fallen that night there would have been
several lives lost. Our \$300 organ,
which was presented by a friend of the
mission, was buried under the falling
wall. Osgood Saunders, I think it was
our desk with all our song books and many
chairs, pictures, mottoes, etc., shared a
like fate. But the loss which I feel most
was the large picture of my old friend and
co-worker, Osgood Saunders. I think it was
the only one in existence. It was made
by Ferris, of Boston, and was a splendid
likeness of that big-hearted, whole-souled
man. It was a great help to us in our
situation. We had no other picture of
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13 pieces fine Twill Back Heavy Broad-
cloths in a complete line staple colors; all
36 inches wide and actually worth \$1.25, at
50c yard.
2 Dress Lengths of All Wool Novelty
Suttings in choice, neat designs, worth 75c,
at \$1.25 per yard; we will not cut these
lengths, but we will close them out Monday
at 50c yard.
We have taken out and marked down to
a complete line of 40-inch all wool Whip-
cords that cost to import 42c, and which
we have been selling at 50c yard; they are
now at 25c yard.
On center table, in right aisle, you can
see 4-inch Fancy Checkable Worsteds,
and 36-inch all wool Checked Cheviots;
they are not a big lot, but they are worth
more than double what you can now buy
them at. See them at 10c yard.
A little further down the aisle you can
see a line of Black and Colored 36-inch
Figured Mohairs; the assortment is com-
plete and yet the price is only 15c yard.
Still further to the left is a huge counter
of 36-inch Covert Cloths, 36-inch Snowflake
Cheviot Suttings and wide assortment of
half wool Fancy Dress Goods—no need to
sell you their actual worth—they are yours
now at 10c yard.
At the extreme end and facing the cen-
tral stairway is another counter that will
greatly interest you. On it you will find
full lines of Double Width Scotch Plaids
and neat Check suitings, as well as a con-
siderable line of Half Wool Cashmeres at
10c yard.
Near the door, to the right, you can see
all the latest effects in Plaids and Boucle
Suttings at very moderate prices for quali-
ty displayed—25c to 50c yard.

Phenomenal Bargains in
Wash Goods.

We believe there are very few merchants
anywhere selling Cotton Goods today at
prices less than a year ago, yet such is
the case at this store.
15 pieces Indigo Blue Calicoes and 50
pieces Black Ground flowered Cotton
Grapes; also 75 pieces Printed Belges, each
line well assorted in what is known as a
"seconds," but really as good as "firsts,"
and would be advertised as "firsts" by
any other house—all next week at 50c
yard.
One case of First Quality Indigo Blue
and standard prints assorted at 50c yard,
at 25c yard.
One case of Full Standard Dress Gling-
hams in complete line of new styles at 50c
yard.
One case of Evening Shades in 30-inch
cases, usually sold at 50c yard, at
25c yard.
Two cases of best quality 36-inch Sea
Island Percales in all the latest styles.
Sold everywhere at 12c and 15c, for 10c
yard.

Opening Sale of

White Goods.

India Linens, excellent values, at 50c, 75c
and 10c.
Checked Nainsooks, best quality ever sold,
at 50c, 75c, 10c, 15c.
Suttings for Sash and Window Curtains
at 25c, 50c, 75c yard.
Towel Muslins, the cleanest and best
wearing of all curtain materials; hand-
some designs at 10c, 15c, 30c yard.
We are showing some of the handsomest
patterns in extra wide Lace Curtains, 2 1/2
yards long, white and ecru, at 80c pair.
25 pairs of genuine Brussels Ecru Cur-
tains, 3 yards long, at \$1.75 pair.
10 pieces of 38-inch Silklines in various
styles and colors, at 10c yard.
12 pieces of double-faced printed Plush
Covers, large figures and bright colors, at
15c yard.

Our Annual Sale of

Linens.

10 pieces 60-inch Turkey Red Damasks at
50c yard.
10 pieces all pure Linen Bleached Satin
Damasks at 30c yard.
10 pieces all pure Linen Double Satin
Bleached Damasks at 75c yard.

Towels.

250 Knot Fringe Damask at 50c.
250 fine all Linen Huck at 15c.
250 fine all Linen Huck at 10c.
1250 linen finish Cotton Huck at 5c.

Napkins.

10 dozen medium size Turkey Red Table
Napkins, worth 25c, at 25c dozen.
50 dozen all linen Napkins, full bleached
and 1/2 size, at 50c dozen.
5 pieces Cotton Diapers at 50c piece.

Tapestry Table
Covers.

Full 6-4 large, in well assorted patterns
at 75c.

Special Sale of

Housekeepers' Supplies.

During the month of January we will
offer special inducements in this depart-
ment; many lines of staple cotton goods
will be sold for less than mill price in five-
cent lots.

Domestics.

One case of yard-wide Bleached Muslin,
worth at the mills today 50c, will sell at 50c
yard.
Five bales of full standard yard-wide
heavy Sea Island worth at the mills 50c;
will sell at 50c yard.
One case of "Fruit of the Loom" yard-
wide Bleached Muslin, worth at the mills 50c;
will sell at 75c yard.
One case of Lonsdale and Berkely yard-
wide Cambrics, worth 12c, at 10c yard.
One case of 10-4 Bleached and Brown
Sheeting worth at mills 10c; will sell at
10c yard.
Pepperell 10-4 made sheets at \$1 pair.

Special Sale of

Ladies' Underwear.

10 dozen Ladies' White Cotton Ribbed
Vests with full length sleeves, at 10c.
10 dozen Ladies' White Wool Ribbed
Vests and Pants, worth 60c, at 30c.
10 Ladies' Flannel Lined Combination
Suits, real worth \$1, for 60c.

Children's Underwear.

We are offering a big lot of Children's
Gray and White Merino Vests and Pants
in small sizes, at 10c and 15c.
10 dozen Children's Flannel Lined Ribbed
Cotton Combination Suits at 30c.

Advantages aluminum

metals is that it is
light and water will always
clean and clean it
with any one's white
washing establishment
line of open glass
very convenient be-
cause of its lightness
and numerous to men-
tioned with the glass
and they will be
in their surplus time
if you do not wish to

Muslin Underwear.

You had better buy all this class of goods
now, while you can save half.
Chemise, 50c up.
Gowns, 50c up.
Shirts, 50c up.
Drawers, 50c up.
Corset Covers, 10c up.

Gloves.

100 dozen Ladies' All-Wool Black Cash-
mere Gloves at 10c pair.
10 dozen Ladies' Colored Kid Gloves with
Foster hooks, worth \$1, at 75c.

Gents' Underwear.

15 dozen Gents' Heavy White Merino
Shirts, sold everywhere at 25c, for 15c.
15 dozen Gents' Heavy Natural Wool
Shirts and Drawers, worth always 60c,
for 35c.
25 dozen Gents' Heavy All-Wool Ribbed
Shirts and Drawers, sold in suits only and
worth \$2, for \$1.50.

Gents' Neckwear.

We have taken our entire line of 50c
Ties, Bow, Club and Four-in-hands and
marked them for this sale only 25c.
We have done the same thing with our
25c ties and marked them for this sale 15c.

Suspenders.

If you will ask at Gents' furnishing coun-
ter for "that Suspenders" you will be shown
the best thing you ever saw for 10c a pair.

Shirts.

50 dozen Gents' Colored Laundered
Shirts with collars attached, sold every-
where at 50c, for 25c.
10 dozen Gents' heavy all-wool Flannel
Covershirts, in medium and dark colors,
worth \$1.50, for 80c.

Gents' Hose.

50 dozen Gents' all wool seamless Black
or Camel's Hair Hair Hose, real value 25c,
for 15c.

Ladies' Hose.

25 dozen Ladies' all wool Black Seamless
Hose, worth 25c, for 15c.

Sweaters.

5 dozen Gents' heavy all wool Ribbed
Sweaters, worth \$1.75, for \$1.25.

Flannels.

5 pieces 31-inch Gray Twilled Flannels,
10c a yard.
10 pieces all wool Scarlet Heavy Twilled
Flannels, worth 20c, 12c a yard.
15 pieces very wide white Wool Flannels,
usually worth 20c, 15c a yard.
We are showing special values in Gray
Scarlet, Navy and White. All wool Flan-
nels at reduced prices, in fine goods, 15c to
25c a yard.
We have on hand a few cases of Un-
bleached Cotton Flannels, worth from 7c
to 15c a yard. We will sell at 5c, 7c and
8c a yard.

Outing Flannels.

One case of dark heavy fleece Outing
Flannels in checks and stripes, sold every-
where at 80c a yard, for 50c a yard.
One case of fine heavy Outing Flannels
in light blue plaid and assorted checks and
stripes. Sold always at 10 and 12c a
yard, for 7c a yard.

Cotton Checks.

Three bales of 35-inch Cotton Checks in
all staple colors. Sold everywhere at
5 to 6c a yard, for 4c a yard.

Cotton Batts.

50 bales of nice clean Cotton Batts. Will
be closed out this week at 3 rolls for 10c.

Cotton Blankets.

A small lot left, worth \$1.25, which we
will close at 75c pair.

All-Wool Blankets.

Some of them slightly soiled; only a small
lot of them. They have been selling at
\$3.00, \$4.00 and \$7.00; any of them now for
\$2.50 pair.

Comfortables.

Complete new line of extra size Bed
Comfortables at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Window Shades.

100 Spring Roller 6-foot shades 15c.

Curtain Poles.

200 Oak or Cherry Curtain Poles, with
brass trimmings complete, 15c.

Bed Spreads.

100 full size White Cotton Bed Spreads,
actually worth 75c, for 50c.
We are showing the two best things ever
seen in really serviceable, heavy extra full
size Bed Spreads, at 70c and 80c.
A few heavy quality Marcelline Spreads,
slightly soiled on outside, have been \$2.50
and \$3.00, for \$1.50.

Bundles.

100 5 lb. outing Flannel remnants, put up
in rolls at 50c each.
50 Indigo Blue Calico Bundles, 5 lb. in
roll, at 80c each.
25 rolls of best Satteens, put up in 5 lb.
bundles, \$1.25 each.

Laundry Soap.

We will sell Monday morning for three
hours, 5 bars of first quality Laundry Soap
for 5c.

Tea Pots.

100 Brown Stone Tea Pots; makes deli-
cious tea; cane handles; large and small
sizes, 10c each.

TAYLOR & GALPHIN,

238 and 240 Marietta Street.

OUR JANUARY SALES

Of Manufacturers' stocks, bought at
the recent annual clearance sales in
New York, together with our entire
stock marked down to clearance sale prices, bids fair to surpass any former
sale. Thousands of close buyers held off buying until now, knowing full well
that at this sale they could save from 33 to 50 per cent. We only have to say,
don't wait longer, the lowest prices of the season have been made, and to wait
longer will be your loss. Each day sees some entire line cleaned out. Come
early, and come prepared to buy more than you think you need.



Babies' Caps.

We have just received
an entirely new line of
white and colored Silk
and Cashmere Caps
At 25c and 50c
We have reduced our
\$1.25 and \$1.50 Silk and
Velvet Caps to
75c and 90c

Silk Velvets.

10 pieces of the new corded or
ribbed Silk Velvets in combination
colors At 39c

Umbrellas.

100 Ladies' Silk Umbrellas in
all the new handles, usually \$1.00,
For 75c

75 Gents' 28-inch English Gloria
Umbrellas in the new crook han-
dles. Regular price 75c, For 50c

Handkerchiefs.

We will close out a lot of Ladies'
White hemstitched and initial
Handkerchiefs At 2 1/2c each

The balance of our Gents' White
Jap Silk Initial Handkerchiefs with
wide hemstitched border, At 25c

Fur Trimmings.

We are receiving from day to
day new shipments of Furs with
jet beadings. They are very popu-
lar and very cheap. 25c and 50c

Linings.

For the past ten years we have
always been considered headquar-
ters for Linings and Dress Find-
ings. Our reputation was never
better deserved than now.



Dress Skirts.

These are lined
throughout with hair-
cloth, stiff.
Black Figured Mo-
hair, \$1.49.
Black Cashmere and
Serge, \$1.99.
Bouclé Cheviots
and Cloths, \$2.20.

The following are all lined through-
out and interlined with Fibre Cham-
ois.

All wool Boucle Skirts, \$3.98.
Black Mohair and Silk Skirts,
\$4.98.

Children's Dresses.

We will close out at ex-
tra half price all of our
Children's and Misses' Made
Dresses. They are in Chevi-
ots, Flannels and Flannel-
ette and mostly all lined and
trimmed.

If you see one marked \$5.00
take it for \$2.50. If one of
the \$1.00 one suits you, take
it for 50c

SMALL WARES—New Things.

Wide Rubber Belts.
Small gilt and silver Buttons.
Very long Side Combs.
2 and 4-inch Rubber Belting.
Black Cocco Feather Bows at 25c.

Ladies' Waists.

Our immense sales of
these goods has naturally
left us many broken lots
and sizes, which we are
anxious to dispose of at
very low figures, as the
new ones are now arriving

All of our \$2.50 and \$3.00 Silk Waists at \$1.98.
All of our \$3.50 and \$4.00 Silk Waists at \$2.98.
All of our \$5.00 and \$7.00 Silk Waists at \$3.98.

House Wrappers.

10 dozen Ladies' Heavy
Eiderdown Outing Cloth
Wrappers, reduced from
\$1.50 To 98c

25 dozen Ladies' best Stand-
ard Calico Wrappers, re-
duced from 75c To 59c

For Evening Wear.

Lots of pretty Cotton and Silk Crepons in all
the delicate evening colors.
Silk Mulls in pink and blue, only 50c each
wide, will be closed out at half price.
25c yard

Specials
Extraordinary.

(JUST RECEIVED.)

Skirts.

100 Ladies' Navy Blue heavy
wool Serge Skirts, unlined, At 98c

Feather Boas.

125 Black Feather Boas, extra
full and glossy, 45 inches long, At 59c

Dark Outings.

50 pieces very heavy fleece dark
Outing Cloths and heavy twilled
gray Flannelettes, worth 12 1/2c, At 7c yard

Nainsooks.

One case of 2,500 yards white
check Nainsook, as good as any
other house shows for 8c, At 5c yard

Torchon Laces.

60 pieces fine hand made linen
Torchon Laces in widths never
seen before for less than 10c, At 5c yard

Embroideries.

75 pieces of the New Irish point
edge Embroideries in a wide assort-
ment of patterns, 5c to 35c yard

All the New

Things in Laces, Embroideries,
Lawn, India Linens, Nainsooks,
Cambrics and Dimities at extraor-
dinary low prices to open the
Season

LADIES' FINE SHOES.

12 cases Ladies' fine Godeyard
welt Vici Kid, patent leather
trimmed Button Boots, all the new
pointed shapes are here, \$5.00
kind, pair, \$2.98

10 cases Ladies' fine custom
made Vici Kid, flexible McKay
sewed Button Shoes, new pointed
shapes, \$3.50 kind, per pair, \$2.48

25 cases Ladies' fine custom
made Vici Kid or cloth top Button
Shoes, patent tip toes, \$2.50 kind,
per pair, \$1.98

25 cases Ladies' custom made
genuine South American Dongola
Button Shoes, patent leather trim-
med, stylish shapes, \$2.00 kind,
per pair, \$1.48

10 cases Ladies' fine genuine
South American Dongola spring
heel Button Shoes, sizes 2 1/2 to 6,
\$2.00 kind, per pair, \$1.48

5 cases Ladies' spring heel, gen-
uine Dongola, patent tip Button
Shoes, warranted solid leather, \$1.50
kind, per pair, \$1.25

30 cases Ladies' genuine Don-
gola, patent leather trimmed But-
ton Shoes, newest shapes, solid
leather throughout, \$1.50 kind, per
pair, \$1.25

15 cases Ladies' India Kid But-
ton Shoes, patent tip toes, \$1.25
kind, per pair, \$1.00

5 cases Old Ladies' Solid Com-
fort Lace Shoes, made of fine
South American Dongola, \$2.00
kind, per pair, \$1.50

Men's Shoes.

360 pair Men's
genuine calf custom
made shoes, lace or
congress, plain or
cap for \$2.50 value,
per pair, \$1.98

500 pair men's fine calf custom
made hand welt shoes, all the
newest shapes. Every pair war-
ranted. \$5.00 kind, per pair, \$2.98

Ladies' storm cut Rubbers, per
pair, 35c

Misses' spring heel storm Rub-
bers per pair, 40c

Men's self acting Sandals, per
pair, 50c

Children's Sandals, sizes 8 to
10 1-2, per pair, 25c

Men's pebble leg Boots per
pair, \$2.50

Ladies' single texture Mackin-
toshes, 26-inch cape and golf hood,
\$3.00 kind at \$1.25 each.

Men's diagonal Mackintoshes, 26-
inch military cape, \$5.00 kind, at
\$3.98 each.

Men's black double oil suits,
apron front pants, at \$2.50 a suit.

Men's black double oil long coats
at \$2.00 each.

Misses' Shoes.

10 cases Misses' fine custom
made Vici Kid and cloth top, patent
spring heel, button Shoes. Newest
shapes, \$2.00 kind, a pair, \$1.50

17 cases Misses' genuine Don-
gola pebble grain and glove grain
school Shoes, with assorted tip,
\$1.50 kind, a pair, \$1.25

7 cases Misses' pebble grain
spring heel button Shoes, all solid
leather, pair, \$1.00

144 pair Misses' India kid patent
tip button Shoes, spring heel, sizes
13 to 2, a pair, 65c

Boys' Shoes.

25 cases Boys' fine custom made
calf Shoes, Hamilton Brown Shoe
Co.'s make, \$2.00 value, pair, \$1.50

16 cases Boys' satin calf custom
made, cap toed lace shoes, war-
ranted all leather, a pair, \$1.25

10 cases Boys' veal calf and buff,
plain or cap toe lace Shoes, all
leather, a pair, \$1.00

Infants' Shoes.

10 cases Infants' hand turned
Vici Kid button Shoes, silk tassel,
sizes 1 to 5, a pair, 50c

70 pair infants' baby blue soft
sole button Shoes; pretty and
soft for the little feet, a pair, 75c

280 pair Children's genuine Don-
gola and goat Shoes, spring heel,
Dongola tip, sizes 5 to 8, a pair, 60c

Ladies' Fine Jackets.



100 Ladies' fine all wool medium weight
Jackets, \$3 to \$5 kind, each

\$1.98.

15 Ladies' fine Cheviot and Beaver
Jackets, heavy weights, \$5 to \$7.50
kind, each

\$2.08.

27 Ladies' Black Astrakhan Box Front
Jackets, large button, coat or ripple
back, newest sleeves, \$12.50 kind, each

\$3.08.

The above are not this season's styles,
but at the prices named you will never
again see such values.

This Season's Latest,
27 Ladies' Black Astrakhan Box Front
Jackets, large button, coat or ripple
back, newest sleeves, \$12.50 kind, each

\$7.50.

23 Ladies' Navy and Black Boucle and
Cheviot Jackets, \$8 and \$10 kinds,
each

\$5.00.

Ladies' Fine Capes.



27 Ladies' fine black Beaver Donb's
Capes, satin stitched, extra full wrap,
\$4 kinds, each

\$1.08.

60 Ladies' fine black Cheviot and Melton
Double Capes, satin stitched, fur or
braided trimmed, extra full sweep, \$5
kind, each

\$2.98.

77 Ladies' finest black Melton and Boucle
Double Capes, satin stitched or braided
trimmed, extra full sweep, \$6.50 to
\$8.50 kind, each

\$3.98.

23 Ladies' fine Silk Plush Capes, Thibet
fur trimmed, Silk lined, extra wide
sweep, \$7.50 kind, each

\$3.98.

Men's Fine Clothing . .



200 Men's fine tailor made imported
Worsted and Cheviot Suits, sack or
cutaway, newest fabrics, best work-
manship, perfect fitting, \$15
kind; Suit, \$10

125 Men's finest custom made piece
dale Worsted and Prince of Wales
Worsted Suits, sack or cutaway,
finest material, high-class tailor fin-
ish, lined throughout with skin-
ners satin, the \$25 kind, Suit \$15

15 Men's fine all Worsted imported
Black Clay Prince Albert Suits, cus-
tom tailor-made, perfect in
every particular, \$18 kind, \$12.50

250 Men's custom-made Black Cheviot
and imported Clay Worsted
sack suits, the \$10 kind, \$6.48


300 Men's all wool Black or Navy Che-
viot sack Suits, worth \$7.50 in
any store under the sun; suit, \$5

47 Men's all wool Brown Che

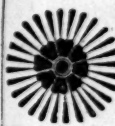
WHY

WARSHIPS ARE CHEAPER

*Steel Costs Less and
Workmen Are More Skillful.*



LEADERS
OF
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the plans were continuing, and the great quantities of material being required for the work would be a plant difficulty in supplying the metal for the plates and frames of the boats.

At the outbreak of hostilities the scores of shipbuilding plants on the great lakes would go into this grade of work. If we were at war with Great Britain the trade with that power, now forbidding the construction of war vessels on these waters, would of course be abrogated. If these lake boats were protected they would probably produce fifty torpedo boats within six months and the boats could be made of light draught so as to reach the seaboard by canal.

But to accomplish this work in Battleship and torpedo boat building would require the straining of every nerve. It would be a performance which in time of peace would seem like a dream and if Great Britain should foresee that war is certain she would probably force measures so that the United States would be the quarter of the work could be accomplished.

The facts given above show, however, that our resources would be if our building plants were turned out at a fair start and carte blanche from the government to do their utmost.

FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL

Conducted by J. A. Morris.

Water and Rail Transportation.

Every one at all familiar with freight matters knows that the most favorable railway rates prevail at those points en-

have more favorable rates than is possible for inland points. The object is to make the natural waterway furnishes the cheapest transportation in the world, and the railroads to do business at all, must compete with rates that are lower than the cost of the railroads. It is not surprising to appear that railroads in self-protection would object to opening rivers and building canals. This is a superficial and fallacious analysis. The fact is that the opening of a great bulk of their tonnage at an absolute loss, and would gladly dump their ore, coal, coke, lumber, etc., into canal or river boats at a loss. Again, the opening of a canal that parallels a railroad vitalizes its section, stimulates industries by furnishing a better market and generally increases trade and the developed wealth brings increased and profitable traffic to the railroads. No better illustration of this is to be found than the opening of the improvement of the river Maum from Mayence to Frankfort, twice doubled the water tonnage and added 80 per cent to the railroads' business between these points in the short space of six years. The New Orleans Times-Democrat, certainly in an excellent position to know, says: "The opening of the river for both water and rail transportation, says: 'The truth of the matter is that the opening of a canal or river is a desideratum. All the traffic, are burdening themselves with bulky freight, which furnishes them

expenses of American roads are very high—51 per cent of the earnings, against 51 per cent in Germany. The low rates on the German railways are due to the fact that they are carried by water, compel the American roads to charge much higher local freight rates, and not only they but the American roads are thereby.

The cost of moving freight by water is less than by rail. A horse can draw at a rate of three feet a second, 3,200 pounds. In a good water road, 30,000 pounds on a single horse can be moved in the same time. Transportation by rail, therefore, is nine times cheaper than by cart—even over a good road—and transportation by water is 30 times cheaper than by rail. In other words, other things being equal. The cost of water transportation between Duluth and Buffalo is .05 cents per ton mile, as against .30 cents per ton mile by rail. A small railroad for a similar distance. A vessel can carry four times its weight, a car only one and a half times.

For the material cost of most and maintenance of equipment for moving freight, the waterway has another decided advantage over the railroad. A ship costs about one-third as much as a car, and has an equal carrying capacity, whereas the life of a ship is longer and expenses of maintenance less. A long canal capacity of 500 tons can carry 10 times the capacity of a average train.

NOT SCHOLARS, BUT GENTLEMEN.

A Rehearsal Affair Between Deadwood

Jack and Montana Jim.

Deadwood, S. D., Jan. 10.—But he insisted that he was a gentleman, says The Detroit Free Press. The same was the case with Montana Jim. Therefore when we learned that Jack had come over to Custer City to "have it out" with Jim we were not surprised that it would be a square affair from start to finish. Jack had put up at the Last Chance saloon, written his name on the ace of spades and sent a messenger to the Bald Eagle's Roost to say to Jim:

"Compliments of Deadwood Jack, and he hopes you have no engagement to prevent your coming to Custer City this evening to settle the little misunderstanding that has existed for several days."

And Jim wrote his name on the ace of spades and instructed the messenger to say:

"Compliments of Montana Jim and he assures D. J. that it will afford him the utmost pleasure to shoot at Jack at exactly 7 o'clock."

afternoon, and they encountered each other a dozen times. On every occasion each raised his hat and bowed and exchanged a friendly greeting. The first time this happened was at 6 o'clock each retired to his headquarters and carefully cleaned and loaded his two guns. There was no talk of the shooting at all. The men were dead. Both were game men and both dead shots and the chances were even up between them. No one knew the cause of the shooting, neither man entered into any explanation.

At exactly 7 o'clock they appeared on opposite sides of the square, each with his gun. They bowed and exchanged a friendly greeting. Each other and bowed, and then Rocky Mountain Joe gave the word. "Four hands dropped down, four revolvers were cocked and the shooting began."

The first two shots made but one report. Then there was a pop! pop! pop! faster than one could count and of a sudden both men were dead. The first shot had killed Rocky slowly pulled his feet a moment later. He had pulled down his gun to fire when he referee held up his hand and said: "The fight is over."

Montana Jim had four bullets in him—Deadwood Jack, too. The latter stood there with the blood dripping from his lips.

and a dignified, genteel fashion and then
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THE FLIGHT of PONY BAKER.

A New Story of Boy Life.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

CHAPTER XI. JIM LEONARD.

Very likely Pony Baker would not have tried to run off any more if it had not been for Jim Leonard. He was so glad he had not gone with the circus that he did not mind any of the things at home that used to vex him; and it really seemed as if his father and mother were trying to act better. They were a good deal taken up with each other, and sometimes he thought they let him do things that they would not have let him do if they had noticed what he asked. His mother was fonder of him than ever, and if she had not kissed him so much before the fellows he would not have cared, for when they were alone, he liked to have her pet him.

The summer went along till it got to be September, and the fellows were beginning to talk about when school would take up. It was almost too cold to go in swimming, that is the air made you shiver when you came out, and before you got your clothes on; but if you stood in the water up to your chin, it seemed warmer than it did on the hottest days of summer. Only now you did not want to go in more than once a day, instead of four or five times. The fellows were gathering chinquapin acorns most of the time and some of them were getting ready to make wagons to gather walnuts in. Once they went out to the woods for pawpaws and found about a bushel; they put them in corn meal to ripen, but they were so green that they only got rotten. They found an old shanty in the woods where the farmer made sugar in the spring, and some of the big boys said they were coming out to sleep in it, the first night they got.

It was all this that put Jim Leonard in mind of Pony's running off again. All the way home he kept talking to Pony about it, and Pony said he was going to do it yet, some time, but when Jim Leonard wanted him to tell the time, he would only say, "You'll see," and wag his head.

Then Jim Leonard mocked him and dared him to tell, and asked him if he would take a dare. After that he made up with him, and said if Pony would run off he would run off, too; and that was the end of that shanty in the woods and built a raft. They could do it easily, because the boards were just leaned up against the ridge-pole; and they could tie them together with pawpaw switches, they were so tough and then some night carry the raft to the river, after the water got high in the fall, and float down on it to the city.

"Why, does the river go past the city?" Pony asked.

"Of course it does!" said Jim Leonard; and he laughed at Pony. "It runs into the Ohio there. Where's your geography?"

Pony was ashamed to say that he did not suppose that geography had anything to do with the river at the Boy's Town; for it was not down on the map, like Behring straits and the Isthmus of Suez. But he saw that Jim Leonard really knew something. He did not see the sense of carrying the raft two miles through the woods, when you could get plenty of driftwood on the river shore to make a raft out of. But he did not like to say so for fear Jim Leonard would think he was afraid to be in the woods after dark; and after that he came under him more than ever. Most of the fellows just made fun of Jim Leonard, because they said he was a brag, but Pony began to believe everything he said, when he found out that he knew where the river went to; Pony had never even thought.

Jim was always talking about their plan of running off together, now; and he said they must fix everything so that it would not fall this time. If they could only get to the city once, they could go for cabin boys on a steamboat that was bound for New Orleans; and down the Mississippi they could easily hide on some ship that was starting for the Spanish main, and then they would be all right. He knew about the Spanish main from a book of pirate stories that he had. He had a great many books and he was always reading them. One was about Indians, and one was about pirates, and he was full of curious stories, and one told about magic and how to do juggler's tricks; the other was a fortune-telling book. Jim Leonard had a paper from the city, with long stories in it, and he had read a novel once; he could not tell the boys exactly what a novel was, but that was what it said on the cover.

After Pony and he became such friends he told him everything that was in his books, and once when Pony went to his house, he showed him the books. Pony was a little afraid of Jim Leonard's mother; she was a widow woman, and took in washing; she lived in a little wood-colored house down by the river bank, and she smoked a pipe. She was a very good mother to Jim, and let him do whatever he pleased—go in swimming as much as he wanted to, stay out of school, or anything. He had to catch drift-wood for her to burn when the river was high; once she came down to the river herself and caught

driftwood with a long pole that had a nail in the end of it to catch on with.

By the time school took up Pony and Jim Leonard were such great friends that they asked the teacher if they might sit together, and they both had the same desk. When Pony's mother heard that, it seemed as if she were going to do something about it. She said to his father: "I don't



JIM SAID ALL OF A SUDDEN, "I'VE THOUGHT O' THE VERY THING, PONY BAKER."

like Pony's going with Jim Leonard so much. He's had nobody else with him for weeks, and now he's sitting with him in school."

Pony's father said: "I don't believe Jim Leonard will hurt Pony. What makes you like him, Pony?"

Pony said: "Oh, nothing," and his father laughed.

"It seems to be a case of pure affection. What do you talk about together?"

"Oh, dreams and magic and pirates," said Pony.

His father laughed, but his mother said: "I know he'll put mischief in the child's head," and then Pony thought how Jim Leonard was always wanting him to run off, and he felt ashamed; but he did not think that running off was mischief, or else all the boys would not be wanting to do it, and so he did not say anything.

His father said: "I don't believe there's any harm in the fellow. He's a queer chap."

"He's so low down," said Pony's mother in reply.

"Well, he has a chance to rise, then," said Pony's father. "We may all be hurrahing for him for president, some day." Pony could not always tell when his father was joking, but it seemed to him he must be joking now. "I don't believe Pony will get any harm from sitting with him in school, at any rate."

After that Pony's mother did not say anything, but he knew that she had taken a spite to Jim Leonard; and when he brought him home with him after school, he did not bring him into the woodshed as he did the other boys, but took him out to the barn. That got them to playing in the barn most of the time, and they used to stay in the hay loft, where Jim Leonard told Pony stories out of his books. It was good and warm there, and now the days were getting chilly towards evening.

Once, when they were lying in the hay together, Jim Leonard said, all of a sudden, "I've thought of the very thing, Pony Baker!"

Pony asked, "What thing?"

"How to get ready for running off," said Jim Leonard; and at that Pony's heart went down, but he did not like to show it, and Jim Leonard went on:

"We've got to provision the raft, you know, for maybe we'll catch on an island and be a week getting to the city. We've got to float with the current anyway. Well, now, we can make a hole in the hay here and hide the provisions until we get ready to go. I say we'd better begin hiding them right away. Let's see if we can make a place. Get away, Trip!"

He was speaking to Pony's dog, that always came out to the barn with them and staid below in the carriage room when

ing and yelping until they helped him up the ladder into the loft. Then he always laid in one corner, with his tongue out, and looking at them as if he knew what they were saying. He got up when Jim Leonard bade him, and Jim pulled away the hay until he got down to the loft floor.

"Yes, it's the very place. It's all solid, and we can put the things down here and cover them up with hay and nobody will notice. Now, tomorrow you bring out a piece of bread and butter with meat between, and I will, too, and then we will see how it will do."

Pony brought his bread and butter the next day; Jim said he intended to bring some hard-bolled eggs, but his mother kept looking, and he had no chance.

"Let's see whether the butter is sweet, because if it ain't the provisions will spoil before we can get off."

He took a bite, and he said: "My! That's nice," and the first thing he knew he ate the whole piece up. "Well, never mind," he said, "we can begin tomorrow just as well."

The next day Jim Leonard brought a ham bone to cook greens with on the raft; he said it would be first rate; and Pony

boys had really ran off. He was a boy that Pony had never seen, though he had heard of him. He lived at the other end of the town, below the bridge, and almost at the sycamore grove. He had the name of being a wild fellow; his father was a preacher, but he could not do anything with him.

Now, Jim Leonard said, Pony must run off right away, and not wait for the river to rise, or anything. As soon as the river rose, Jim would follow him on the raft; but Pony must start first and he must take the pike for the city, and sleep in fence corners. They must provision him and not eat any of the things before he started. He must not take a bundle or anything, because if he did the people would know he was running off, or maybe they would think he was a runaway slave from Kentucky, he was so dark complexioned. At first Pony did not like it because it seemed to him that Jim Leonard was backing out; but Jim Leonard said that if two of them started off at the same time people would just know they were running off and the constable would take them up before they could get across the corporation line. He said that very likely it would rain in less than a week, and then he could start after Pony on the raft, and be at the Ohio river almost as soon as Pony was.

He said: "Why, you ain't afraid, are you, Pony?" and Pony said he was not afraid; for if there was anything that a Boy's Town boy hated, it was to be afraid, and Pony hated it worst of any because he was sometimes afraid that he was afraid.

They fixed it that Pony was to sleep the next Friday night in the barn, and the next morning before it was light he was to fill his pockets with provisions and run off.

Every afternoon he took out a piece of bread and butter with meat between and hid it in the hay and Jim Leonard brought some eggs. He said he had no chance to boil them without his mother seeing him, but he asked Pony if he did not know that raw eggs were first rate, and when Pony said no, he said, "Well, they were." They broke one of the eggs when they were hiding them, and it was over the bread and butter, but they wiped it off with hay as well as they could and Jim Leonard said maybe it would help to keep it anyway.

When he came round to Pony's house the next Friday afternoon from school, he asked him if he had heard the news, and when Pony said no, he said that the fellow that ran off had been taken up in the city by the watchman. He was crying on the street and he said he had nowhere to stop, and had not had anything to eat since the night before.

Pony's heart seemed to be standing still. He had always supposed that as soon as he ran off he should be free from all the things that hindered and vexed him; and although he expected to be sorry for his father and mother, he expected to get along perfectly well without them. He had never thought about where he should sleep at night after he got to the city, or how he should get something to eat.

"Now you see Pony," said Jim Leonard, "what a good thing it was that I thought about provisioning you before you started. What makes you look so?"

Pony said, "I'm not looking!" Jim Leonard said: "You're not afraid are you, just because that fellow got took up? You're not such a cowardly calf as to want to back out now?"

The tears came into Pony's eyes. "Cowardly calf yourself, Jim Leonard! You've backed out long ago!"

"You'll see whether I've backed out," said Jim Leonard. "I'm coming round to sleep in the barn with you tonight and help you to get a good start in the morn-



PONY WAS ALMOST AFRAID OF JIM LEONARD'S MOTHER.

ing. And maybe I'll start myself tomorrow. I will if I can get anybody to help me make the raft and bring it through the woods. Now let's go up into the loft and see if the provisions are all safe."

They dug the provisions up out of the hay and Jim Leonard broke one of the eggs against the walls. It had a small chicken in it and he threw it away. Another egg smelt so that they could hardly stand it.

"I don't believe," said Jim Leonard, "these eggs are very good. I got them out of a nest that the hen had left; mother said I might have them all." He

Continued on Fourth Column Fourth Page.

Boy's High School.

At 11:30 o'clock last Friday the gavel descended and the Literary and Debating Society session. It has been the good for the society for some time to have lectures made it by distinguished men. On this occasion Mr. Morover a very entertaining talk on "The Amusement of the People," accompanying it with the figures. The amusement of the people is quite high and when at last Mr. Morover speaking he was applauded. The subject for debate was, "That the digging of the Nicaragua would be of more harm than to the United States." After the affirmative had spoken and the negative was in the midst of argument, a leak in the stove caused steam to fill so rapidly with smoke that thought best to cut short the meeting. Accordingly, the society was adjourned. The president and secretary of the society were elected last week. Mr. Harlow has the honor of having been elected to the highest office which the society can confer, and Mr. Willie Haynes to fill the position of secretary. Both these gentlemen are among the best of the school, and there is not the least doubt but that they will fill respective offices with becoming grace and accuracy. There is one good quality of the pupils of the Boys' High school which elicits the admiration of every one in the school. They rarely ever learn their lessons in a most accurate manner, and this is one of the many things that the school takes so high a value in.

Hunter's School.

After many days of freedom and liberty, after the noise of the Christmas frolics and after the sorrow for the dying exposition, the boys of Hunter's school returned to their studies with renewed zeal and vigor. The school opened on New Year's day and there were many boys present, which showed that they were in earnest. Several new scholars have entered this term, and we hope before long to have our desired number. Mr. Frank Howard, an ex-member of the school and one of the strongest pillars of the society, is back with us again and we hope that he will lend a helping hand in building up our society. Mr. Fitzhugh Scott, a bright young student, is another of the new scholars that has lately entered and will, of course, be a help to the society. On Friday the Euphemian Literary and Debating Society assembled to elect officers for the new term and to select a subject for the next meeting. Mr. J. W. Chestnut was elected president; Mr. Russell C. Mitchell, vice president; Mr. Robert Willett, secretary, and Mr. E. B. Berkeley, censor. Surely the society can congratulate itself on having such an able corps of officers. The school is in a prosperous condition. Inventions of all kinds are daily being brought to light by the students of Hunter's school. One of our most noted inventors is Mr. Robert M. Mitchell. The most wonderful inventions of his are the "walking machine" and the "globe." Both of these inventions are great successes, as the walking machine has never appeared to our poor mortal vision and the globe is lying in ruins in the laboratory. It is needless to say that the walking machine will, in the future, take the place of the bicycle, and parents will be worried to death with such cries as this: "Give me a walking machine or give me death." Without doubt the boys of Hunter's school have the happiest time of all boys in the city. Visitors are always welcome, especially on Friday.

Fair Street School.

The scholars have returned from their Christmas holidays fresh and vigorous for the work of the new year. Holidays generally have a demoralizing effect upon scholars, but this year the pupils have settled down to work in earnest. In the first grade both classes are almost full, having altogether 112 scholars. The teacher of the third grade, Miss Choate, applied for a leave of absence on account of sickness, so Miss Anderson has been appointed to fill her place temporarily. In the school there are forty cases of measles. Miss Aulean Acker, of our school, who was selected to represent Fair in the cooking department of the exposition, won the second prize for efficiency. Miss Lucille Patrick, of Ira street school, obtained the first prize. Our school stands first of all the schools in the city in the matter of attendance for the year 1895. We have labored under many disadvantages, having three new schools, yet we have managed to secure the highest average in attendance.

Georgia Military Institute.

There is no department connected with good school work which is more necessary and beneficial than a literary and debating society. In fact it is the power which renders an educated man able to convey intelligently the benefits of his knowledge to others. There are many schools for both sexes, and any school for boys without a society of this kind is not complete. About the girls I am afraid to dictate advice, for though I'm a woman suffragist advocate, yet they might get into power.

Hereafter we can date our letters in Atlanta, for our school and locality has been taken into the city. We appreciate the regard of our council for us, and though we pay Atlanta's taxes, etc., yet we still walk in red mud and at night lose our way in the darkness.

We have in our school a future novelist, Mr. Willie Larned. He is at present the author of several continued stories and other minor ones, and should he continue in this line we predict for him unlimited success. Several members of our debating society also deserve special mention, among them Mr. C. V. Young and D. R. Groover. They always take great interest in the duties assigned them.

The nominee for president during the next term is Mr. J. Paschall. He has not yet been inaugurated, but no other candidate has yet been announced. Music is one of the chief attractions on our programmes, and what is better, it is cheerfully afforded by two of the cadets.

A motion which provided for public exercises within six weeks was passed by the school. Her picture was printed

have no organization to be conducted with such news as we can afford. We expect to purchase about a dozen memberships in the Young Men's Library Association and thus receive the benefits of that library, together with our own. The subject for debate at the next meeting is "Resolved, That the separate education of the sexes has a better result than coeducation." All the participants have promised to do their best, and we know it will be a close contest. We do not trust the decision of our questions to the president, but judges are appointed for this purpose, which prevents him from receiving many extra "treats." We don't mean to be harsh with our president, but all people know that human nature is weak.

Mrs. Prather's School.

We all came back to our dear school on Monday, glad that the holidays were over. The new pupils entered were Julia Hemphill, Vena Smith, Mabel Boland, Emma Brown, Marguerite Brown, Mary Briscoe and Christine Hall. The five tall college girls are real beauties and little gypsy Christine, who is in my class, is so quick that she keeps the teachers smiling.

At our Monday's lesson in decorum we were introduced to a society man of the year 161 A. D. Miss Eva said that she knew we would be glad to know what a society leader under the Roman Empire was like, and what good and acceptable habits in his deportment were still in force in the best society of the present day; that, as she would never be able to give us a more distinguished introduction, she hoped that we would profit in every way by the acquaintance of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, emperor of Rome, whom she now presented. Being in such high society we were very attentive and learned everything about good manners that he could teach us in the ten minutes of decorum time. He gave us many points of etiquette that had been given him by his teachers in his youth, and of them I remember these: Modesty, the government of one's temper, abstinence from unkind thoughts, not to meddle in other people's affairs, to read carefully and not to be satisfied with a superficial understanding of any book, never to conceal our opinion with respect to those whom we condemn yet never to show any one that he is despised by us, never to be in a hurry, never to put off a duty, never to show surprise. Another thing, he said that he was grateful to his teacher, Rusticus, for his introduction to the works of Epictetus, and so, I am sure, we shall value our teacher's introduction to so perfect a gentleman as Marcus Aurelius, leader of society in the year 161.

The primary department has a new object in drawing, the hemisphere. Today they drew it balanced on a cube. It made almost as pretty a drawing as the cylinder on the cube. But our class is still drawing a chair. Sarah Morris has drawn seven chairs. She knows how to draw a chair from memory, so that she could put it into a picture without seeing the object to draw from. I suppose Pearl Peck or Olivia Smith will get the drawing medal, but we who do not get it will yet have many quiet, delightful, busy hours to remember, and what our teacher calls "the moral refinement of art."

ELLA MAY THORNTON.

THE COOKING SCHOOL.

An Eighth Grade Pupil from Each School Entered—The Prize Winners.

The cooking school conducted by Miss Lucy Andrews in the woman's building at the exposition, will leave many pleasant memories with the girls who attended.

The school was made up of one girl from the eighth grade of all the grammar schools in the city, except two or three which did not respond. A pupil was appointed by the principals of each of the schools, and several were appointed by Mrs. Sargeant from the girls' high school. There were in all fifteen pupils. They were:

Lucille Patrick, Ira street school; Aulean Acker, Fair street school; Rena Leary, Ivy street school; Dora Henderson, State street school; Leola Garrett, Carrie Wilson, Gertrude Frank, Flora Steinhammer,



MISS RENA LEARY.

The Young Girl Who Represented Ivy Street School at the Cooking School in the Exposition.

Roy Clowe, Estelle Cole, Miss Jennings, Susie Glover, Lizzie Walcott, Miss Campbell and Lucille Nolan. Miss Nolan also staid in the model school exhibit at the exposition.

At the close of the school the committee with Mrs. A. V. Gude, chairman, and Mrs. Judge Jackson and Miss Andrews awarded the two prizes for the best cooking. The test was on a loaf of bread. The prizes were two handsome enameled gold souvenir spoons.

The first prize was awarded to Miss Lucille Patrick, of Ivy street school. She is one of the brightest pupils of Miss Mitchell's school. She is fifteen years old and is the daughter of Mrs. Martha E. Patrick.

The second prize winner, Miss Roy Clowe, is an eighth grade pupil of school. Her picture was printed

in The Junior last year as one of the brightest and smartest girls in her grade. Miss Rena C. Leary, whose picture The Junior presents, was appointed by Mrs. Whiteside, principal of Ivy street school, to enter the exposition cooking school from her school. She is the daughter of Mr. M. Leary, formerly superintendent of the Exposition cotton mills, and Mrs. Lucy P. Leary, whose home is on Hampton street. She is the only sister of Dr. William C. Leary. Miss Leary is fifteen years old and will soon enter the girls' high school. She is a very bright pupil and stands high in her class at school. The girls had an enjoyable time in the cooking school and they became very much attached to Miss Andrews, their efficient teacher in the culinary art.

Miss Aulean Acker.

The winner of the second prize in the cooking school conducted by Mrs. Andrews in the woman's building annex at the exposition, was Miss Aulean Acker, of Fair street school. She is one of the brightest



MISS AULEAN ACKER.

Of Fair Street School, Second Prize Winner in the Cooking School of the Exposition.

pupils in the eighth grade. She is fifteen years old. Fair street is proud to have won one of the honors of Miss Andrews's school and they are now gladder than ever that Miss Acker was selected to represent the school.

Master Frank Merrill.

Master Frank Merrill, whose picture The Junior presents this week, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Merrill, who live at No. 99 Capitol avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Merrill have not moved here but a short while, having moved here from Tennessee last year, and Frank has been in the Boys' High school but a short time. He is in the first grade A of the school, and stands



FRANK MERRILL.

First Prize Winner in the Annual Debate of the Boys' High School—Thirteen Years Old.

as one of the brightest pupils in his grade.

In the last annual debate of the Boys' High school he was one of the eight debaters, and he won the prize for the best debater. There were three prizes given, one for the best debater, one for the best declaimer and one for the best general speaker. The prize won by Master Frank Merrill was a gold medal, endowed by Mr. Charles W. Freeman. He is only thirteen years old, but his magnificent debate on the deep subject the boys had to deal with that day, won the praise of the entire audience.

The Ball Collapsed.

The boys of the Fair street school do not play football now, but it is by no means because they do not like the sport as well as ever, but the reason of the suspension is that the ball which they have been playing with for some time collapsed last week. The boys will doubtless get another ball soon, however, and begin the sport with renewed vigor. In the meantime they make leapfrog answer.

A Debating Society.

The pupils of the eighth grade of the West End school are talking of getting up a literary society with debating as the main feature of the club. The idea was suggested to them by Professor Means, the principal, and Miss Davies, assistant principal, and they are enthusiastic over the matter. The enthusiasm is unanimous. Both the boys and the girls want the society organized, and it is very probable that it will be organized in a very short while. In the fourth grade there is an organization of the kind in existence now and has been for some time.

The West End school is one of the best in the city, and though the attendance has been checked by the measles and whooping cough since Christmas there has been an average attendance of over 300.

If the society is organized, which seems very likely, it will doubtless be a success, as there are several good speakers and declaimers in the school.

THE FLIGHT OF PONY BAKER.

Continued From First Page.

broke them one after another, and every one had a chicken in it or else it was bad. "Well, never mind," he said. "Let's see what the bread and butter's like." He bit into a piece, but did not swallow any. "Tastes kind of musty—from the hay, I reckon; and the meat seems kind of old. But they always give the sailors spilt provisions and this bread and butter will do you first rate, Pony. You'll be so hungry you can eat anything. Say, you ain't afraid now, are you, Pony?"

"No, not now," said Pony, but he did not ure up this time as he did before at the notion of his being afraid. If he was brave he was not very gay.

Jim Leonard said: "Because, maybe I can't get mother to let me come out again. If she takes a notion, she won't. But I'm going to watch out and as soon as supper's over, and I've got the cow into the lot, and the morning's wood in, I'm going to try to hook off. If I don't get here to stay all night with you I'll be round bright and early in the morning to wake you and start you. It won't be light now much before 6 o'clock, anyway."

(To be continued.)

TWO BRIGHT CHILDREN.

John and Emmie Landrum, the Little Son and Daughter of Judge Landrum—John's Violin.

Two of the brightest children in Atlanta are the two little blind children of Judge and Mrs. Landrum, who live on Spring street.

John, the little boy, is between the ages of ten and eleven, and the little girl, Emmie, is a year or two older.

This boy and girl have never seen the beautiful things of this earth, as their brothers and sisters and other boys and girls have. All the period of their lives their eyes have been closed against light and they have not been permitted to see even the kind faces of their father and mother, but a light has shone in their little souls and like all people unfortunate in this wise, they seem to be perfectly happy.

At present they are at Macon, in the academy for the blind, and Emmie, who is about fourteen years old, will graduate from there soon. She has been in the academy for about two years and her quickness in learning is remarkable if not wonderful. She has been very quick in acquiring the knowledge of all the elementary studies and is now a remarkably good scholar for one so young. There are possibly no girls in the public schools of Atlanta who have advanced faster than Emmie Landrum.

John, or "Johnnie," as his fond parents call him, is an adept at his young age with the violin. He has a musical turn rarely seen. His father bought him a violin when he was not ten years old and he soon became a good player, and now he just makes music out of his instrument. An amusing incident is told of him when he went to Macon to enter the academy. There are different departments there where the blind children are learned different trades. One of the departments is where they learn them to make brooms, and many boys who have learned this trade there have gone out into the world and made a good living for themselves at it, though sightless. One blind boy who learned the trade has a large broom factory in Atlanta now and manufactures and sells a large number of brooms. But to get back to the story: When John went to the academy he was asked if he wanted to enter the department where he would be learned to make brooms. "No," said the bright little fellow, "I want to learn music. I am going to make my living in music."

He was accordingly put in the music department and his progress is wonderful. His natural musical talent is being developed and he has already become a good musician.

Besides learning music he is also pursuing the studies of a common education, and his record in all of his studies is almost as good as could be wished for the brightest pupil who ever entered a school. He is not eleven years old, but is exceedingly bright, and is far advanced in his studies.

When at home the little fellow delights his parents and brothers and sisters with sweet music on his violin.

Off-times when it was dark and rainy, when he could not be out playing—for little boys like he love play the same as other boys—he has taken his little violin, hugged it to his breast and played soft, sweet strains, the sweetest in the world, and they float from room to room of his comfortable home and make them bright by their musical cheer. His father and mother and little sisters and brothers sit by and listen as he plays. He cannot see their faces so often as the beautiful strains of the violin touch their hearts, nor can they see the soul within the player which makes such music possible, which, indeed, is the music itself.

When at Macon little Emmie and John write letters to their parents and tell them how they are doing. They use their clasp machine, which they are learned to use at the academy, and an older sister at home, who knows the system of writing, reads their bright and loving letters. After a few months Emmie will be graduated and will come home to stay. John will stay at the academy another year or so, and when he comes back he will be an accomplished musician. Young as he is, he once belonged to a string band here before entering the academy at Macon.

John always keeps his violin with him as a companion piece, and it, as well as its owner, is greatly missed when away by his parents, brothers and sisters and his other friends.

THE CONSTITUTION, JR

PUBLISHED EVERY SUNDAY.

FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Sent Free, as a Supplement, to the Readers of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended for this Issue Must be Addressed to The Constitution, Jr.

ATLANTA, GA., January 12, 1896.

A New Story from Uncle Remus.

The Junior takes great pleasure in announcing that we will soon begin the publication of a new story by Uncle Remus, entitled "Aaron, the Son of Ben Ali." It is such a story as only Uncle Remus can write, and we know that its appearance will be eagerly awaited by the readers of The Junior. The first installment will be published the first week in February, and it will run for six weeks. The story is told in the same quaint style that so pleased all those who read "Little Mr. Thimblefinger," and it continues the acquaintance made with several of the people in that entertaining narrative. It's sure to be good. Look for it.

A Chilean Heroine.

During the recent rebellion in Chile there must have been many instances of heroism displayed, and one in particular is described in "Dark Days in Chile." It was told to the author by the father of the heroine: "One evening at 6 o'clock, during my absence, my daughter was writing some letters for me at a table. Suddenly she heard a crash of broken glass, followed by a loud explosion at the street end of the room, and there had been so much bomb work of late that instinctively she guessed what had happened.

"But before she could collect herself sufficiently to rush to the door a second bomb was hurled in, and rolled almost to her feet, providentially without exploding. This she picked up and threw from the other window into the court below. Then, seeing that some brown paper was smoldering in a half-open box of rifle cartridges she quickly dashed a large jug of water over it.

"By this time the servants had rushed in, and succeeded in extinguishing the fire, which had caught the curtains and furniture.

"But my brave daughter, remembering that I had gone out unarmed, took my revolver and started out alone to meet me on my way home, and it was not until I had been provided with the weapon that she told me what had happened."

Some Good "Don't's."

Our eyes, which are perhaps as easily hurt as any part of our body, are often the most ill-treated by us, especially by young people. Here are a few "don't's" which can be remembered and heeded to excellent advantage:

1. Don't read in railway trains or in vehicles in motion.
2. Don't read lying down or in a constrained position.
3. Don't read by firelight, moonlight or twilight.
4. Don't read by a flickering gaslight or candlelight.
5. Don't read books printed on thin paper.
6. Don't read books which have no space between the lines.
7. Don't read for more than fifty minutes without stopping, whether the eyes are tired or not.
8. Don't hold the reading close to the eyes.
9. Don't study at night, but in the morning, when you are fresh.
10. Don't select your own glasses at the outset.

A Patriotic Answer.

From Harper's Round Table.
Just after the war of 1776 an American frigate visited England. Her crew of gallant tars had been principally recruited from the fisheries, and some of them, it is to be acknowledged, did not compare favorably in appearance with the spick and span, jaunty English naval seamen, for the former were of all shapes and sizes, from the tall, round-shouldered, long-armed Cape Coder, down to the short, wiry members of the ship's company who hailed from various ports farther south, where less brawn was to be found.

One day the captain of the American ship paid a visit to the commander of a British man-of-war at anchor in the same harbor. The coxswain of the gig was a great, lanky seaman, whose backbone was so rounded as to form a veritable hump. While the boat rested at the gangway of the visited vessel the English sailors gathered in the open ports and "took stock," in a rather disdainful fashion, of the occupants of the gig. At last one of the seamen on board the man-of-war called to the coxswain: "Ello, there, Yankee; I soy, what's that bloomin' 'ump you 'ave on your back?"

The American sailor looked up and called back, quick as a shot: "That's Bunker Hill!"

Some Good Advice.

Many men are made thieves by the desire to keep up appearances. They cannot bear to see their wives and children wear plain clothes or have fewer of the luxuries of life than other people; and so they get into the habit of spending more money than they make, hoping, perchance that things will by and by take a favorable turn. This is rank dishonesty. It is sometimes necessary to go in debt. But a good and sensible man will never do it without the most serious deliberation. Any sort of self-denial is better than the awful and humiliating slavery of owing what one cannot pay. Young people who handicap themselves with financial obligations are to be pitied; older ones are to be blamed.

WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The Best Side of Our Lives.

By Margaret Spencer.

The news spread like wildfire across the prairies of Illinois, from Springfield, its capital city, to the college town of Knox county.

"Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas would speak in the college grounds on October 7, 1858." The same joint debates in the congressional districts respectively would take place on the given dates.

The college boys called a meeting; the seminary girls were invited to attend. The citizens were to get in a body and escort the speaker to the college grounds. The young people were to go on horseback.

At 9 o'clock in the morning our horses were brought to our doors. Our escorts mounted the finest horses they could get in all the town. Saddles and bridles the best, scarlet ribbons fluttered from riding whips; tiny flags were the breast knots of the day. Twenty boys and girls filled with excitement met the grand procession "on the town square."

Horses and riders wheeled into line, with all the airs and assurances of well-drilled cavalry! One would have thought them out on battalion drill. We galloped away to the east, on the broad, smooth prairie road at the bugle call. The band at the head of the big procession played royally as we met our distinguished guests. Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas bowed and smiled as we merry boys and girls rode on either side of their carriage and fell into line, behind the citizens.

Never was there a more beautiful golden October day. As we passed farmhouses with the glory of autumn in the flowers, the fields of yellow corn and winter grain by the roadsides, Mr. Lincoln looked at them lovingly, for he loved the prairies of Illinois.

We escorted the speakers to the grand stand, our horses were taken to their stables while we, with thousands of others from the towns about us, the country and cities, listened to the long, earnest, eloquent speeches of the two great men. Mr. Lincoln thrilled the people with his earnest, manly arguments. As ever, he stood on the broad ground of independence, that "all men were created free and equal."

In all the after years when that sad, grand face was daily seen by us at the capital, when the weary years of civil war were upon him; when the whole world loved him; and he died to save a race—how often did the men and women of '85 think of the merry western boys and girls of '58, and now in '96 do they love to recall and remember with pride and joy, the best ride of their lives!

Absent Minded.

Pasteur, the celebrated scientist, now deceased, was one day dining with his daughter and her family. It was noticed that he took care to dip in a glass of water the cherries that were served for desert, wiping each one carefully on a napkin before putting them in his mouth. His fastidiousness gave rise to laughter, but the scientist rebuked his relations for their levity, and discoursed at length on the dangers in microbes and animalculae. A few minutes later, in a fit of abstraction, he suddenly seized the glass in which he had washed the cherries and drank the water, microbes and all, at a single draught.

Something To Think On.

It is estimated that the tobacco habit in its various forms, chewing, smoking, dipping, costs the people of the United States \$600,000,000 a year. Consider what this sum is and would do if spent in other channels. I believe sixteen silver dollars weigh a pound. If so, this sum in silver would weigh 37,500,000 pounds. It would take a train of 1,250 cars carrying 30,000 pounds each to haul this pile of money. It would take eighty-three engines carrying fifteen cars each to move this load of silver. If one train of cars should pass a given station each day, Sundays excepted, they would be over three months, or one-fourth of the year, passing the station. This immense amount of silver is spent in this country each year for tobacco.

Remembered by His Lung.

A quaint anecdote is told of an eminent Scotch surgeon who was entirely devoted to his profession. On one occasion the poet Tennyson had consulted him about some affection of the lungs, and years afterward he returned on the same errand. At that time he was Lord Tennyson, and he was nettled to observe that the surgeon had neither any recollection of his face, nor still more galling—acquaintance with his name. Tennyson then mentioned the fact of his former visit, but still the surgeon failed to remember him. But when he put his ear to the patient's chest and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic, he at once exclaimed: "Ah, I remember you, now! I know you by your lung." Tennyson said afterward that he never felt so foolish in his life.

A Hot Time.

There was a lively time on the Wilmington and Northern railroad during a recent run. A traveler, who had spent the day tramping through the woods, boarded a train at a way station, and kindly gave the conductor a large hornet's nest. The latter hung up the gift in the car near the stove, and in the course of a few minutes the inhabitants became aroused by the heat and started on a tour of investigation. There was a panic among the passengers and would have been a stampede, only there was no place to go, until the conductor stopped the train. Then by a concerted effort the nest was thrown out of the window and the hornets batted after it with anything that came handy and the journey resumed.

CRIPPLED GENIUS

Harry Fawcett's Early Misfortune and His Splendid Triumph Over Fate.

By SARAH K. BOLTON.

When blindness comes in youth, before the work of life is scarcely begun, it must require unusual courage to make life a success.

Such a misfortune early befell England's renowned postmaster general, Henry Fawcett. The son of a draper, with a love of study rather than play, he used to declare when a boy that he meant to be a member of parliament. This his companions used to laugh at, as his father had limited means, and he had no distinguished friends to help him.

He longed to go to college, so the one which gave the largest fellowship, Peterhouse, at Cambridge university, was chosen. The college boys thought the new student was probably a young farmer, from his country ways and dress. He soon drew around him a little circle who loved mathematics and reading, and became a bright member of his class. Finding that there were many competitors for fellowships, he

schools and colleges. The same year in which the book was published the professorship of political economy at the university became vacant. Fawcett and three others were candidates. Fawcett was opposed because it was said that he could not keep order in his classes, and was in all respects at a great disadvantage through his blindness. To the delight of his parents and himself he won the honor, with a salary of £300. This and his fellowships gave him a good support.

The death of Sir Charles Napier left a vacancy in the representation of Southwark. Fawcett visited the political committee, was allowed to hold meetings to which crowds came to hear a blind man, but he was finally obliged to withdraw his name in favor of a well-known candidate.

Again he tried for a vacancy at Cambridge. The contest cost £600 and he was defeated. He would at least try a third time. He became a candidate for Brighton.



TWO SHOTS ENTERED THE YOUNG MAN'S EYES.

entered another college at Cambridge, Trinity Hall.

Some scholarships helped him to pay his way in college.

Poverty had not been a great obstacle to young Fawcett, because he had energy and will power, but now his eyes began to trouble him from over-use. He gave up law for a time, took a pupil in mathematics and in French, and after a while recovered his usual sight. He was still thinking of the house of commons, for he wrote a friend: "The realization of these hopes has become something even more than the gratification of ambition. I feel that I ought to make any sacrifice, to endure any amount of labor to obtain this position, because every day I become more deeply impressed with the powerful conviction that this is the position in which I could be of the greatest use to my fellow men."

A Terrible Affliction.

When Fawcett was twenty-five, and seemingly on the right road to win his desired position, one September day he went with his father to shoot partridges. The birds flew towards the son, and the father, for the moment forgetting where his son stood, fired, and two shots entered the young man's eyes, one passing through each glass of his spectacles remained permanently behind the eyes. The student was blind for life. The father was heartbroken at what he had done, but the son kept his cheerfulness and said years later that ten minutes after the accident he had determined to carry out his plan of trying for parliament.

He attempted to go on with law, but that seemed impossible. He tried to write with his own hand, but soon gave it up. Sometimes he became depressed, but resolution finally overcame this and he was cheerful as long as he lived. He thought that it was a duty, both for his own sake and for those about him, to bear all things with courage.

True Courage.

Fawcett went back to a Cambridge university and hired a young man to read to him and write for him. He was particularly interested in political economy, and soon dictated essays on immigration, strikes, etc.

A friend of Fawcett's, a rising publisher at Cambridge, Mr. MacMillan, made a happy suggestion, that the blind young student of twenty-seven should write a popular manual of political economy. Fawcett worked two years on the book—hard years, as they must needs be for one who must get all his knowledge through the eyes of another.

When the book was published it met with a cordial reception, and was soon used in

He was opposed because he was comparatively poor, and would not, as well as could not, spend money on the election, had rotten eggs and stones thrown at him, and for the third time was defeated. But such heroic men as Fawcett never give up. He tried a fourth time, and at thirty-two years of age was elected a member of parliament for Brighton. The boyish hope was realized at last.

His True Vocation.

For some time Fawcett showed his good sense by remaining comparatively quiet in the house of commons. Then he spoke earnestly in behalf of the working people, that a larger number might be allowed to vote; then he urged that dissenters, those who did not belong to the Church of England, might be permitted to take degrees. It seems astonishing to read that a person might not graduate from a college unless he belonged to a particular church! A Scotch Presbyterian was debarred from a fellowship at Trinity so late as 1860, although the applicant was a senior wrangler, thus showing his superior scholarship. Fawcett worked till these narrow restrictions were abolished.

From this time until his death Fawcett made for himself a great name in England. He worked for the education of all the people.

Fawcett was often called the "member for India," because he pleaded the cause of two hundred millions, worthy poor people, often sadly misgoverned. When the duke of Edinburgh visited India and distributed \$50,000 worth of gifts and the money to pay for it was taken from the Indian revenues, Fawcett called it "melancholy meanness."

Whenever he went to his father's home he visited the laborers. One of them, Rubbold, used to send him word about his pig, telling Fawcett's mother, "if there's one thing Master Harry cares about 'tis pigs." Thus deeply interested was the great man in those about him.

When he was forty-six, he was made postmaster general of England. He wrote "Aids to Thrift," of which a million and a quarter copies were given away. He was in favor of cheap telegrams for the people—one cent per word. He opened many avenues for women to find employment. He was one of the best beloved men of England. He received great honors from the University of Oxford, from Cambridge, from Glasgow, from Germany and from scientific and learned societies of France.

At his death his monument was placed in Westminster Abbey by national subscription, memorials in several churches, a drinking fountain on the Thames embankment, a statue at Salisbury, where he used to play when a boy, and scholarships to his memory in several colleges. And this man was blind.

THE FIRST FOOTER.

*A Lucky Runaway for Farmer Pringle.
A Story of the New Year.*

By GERALD BRENNAN.

"Aw wonder," quoth Farmer John Pringle, meditatively stirring the sea-coal fire; "Aw wonder, who'll be our 'first footer' this New Year's?"

There was a general sigh of interest from the woman around the fireplace. To be the "first footer"—that is to say, the first person who crosses the threshold after the stroke of midnight on the New Year—is throughout the north of England a really desirable ambition. Greatly is the "first footer" pampered and petted, for to treat him ill or inhospitably would mean bad luck to the offending household during the entire twelve months to come. Particularly in the district around Bedlington did the quaint old custom prevail, and John Pringle, of Lazybeck Farm, was one of its chief upholders.

Young Geordie.

Among the little ones filling in, as it were, the interstices of the cheery fireside group, none regarded bluff old John with more rapt admiration than "Geordie," the youngest of his descendants.

Geordie soon knew that to "bring the best luck to a household" a "first-footer" must be young, good to look at, and of the same race and blood as the family to whose threshold he or she had crossed. An aged person, a cripple, or a foreigner were alike undesirable as "first-footers."

A Bright Idea.

The clock was pointing to 11 when Geordie, full of his newly learnt lore, made some excuse and slipped out of the circle around the blazing coals. For awhile he played with Malkin, the cat, on the tiled floor, and then managed to pass unobserved through the kitchen door (left ajar to admit the "first-footer") into the cold night. There had been a recent fall of snow and the undulating fields around the farm house were white as Dame Pringle's table napery.

A keen blast came over the hills from the North sea to boot but Geordie was a true North country lad and cared but little for wintry winds. A great idea had occurred to him, and he was resolved to carry it out despite the coldness of the night. A chance "first-footer" not duly fulfilling the conditions laid down by the farmer might bring ill-luck to Lazybeck.

Now he himself was not only sound of mind and limb, and young in years, but also of the very same race and blood as the farmer himself. If he could manage to get across the threshold first after midnight he would certainly carry with him good luck for a year and a day. Moreover he would be treated, being the "first-footer," as a person of consequence; and plenty of negus and plumduff, not to speak of other good things would fall to his share.

Down by the thorn hedge it was very cold, and the minutes passed with exceeding slowness. Many times Geordie began to wish himself back by the farmhouse fire again, but the remembrance of the "first-footer" kept back the temptation to rush uphill toward Lazybeck lights.

At last, over the moor, came the sound of Bedlington church clock tolling the half hour. Now by walking slowly along the hedgerows, keeping carefully in the shad-



THE FIRST FOOTER.

ows, Geordie knew that he could gradually approach the house and take up a favorable position near the kitchen door, ready to rush across the threshold on the stroke of 12, and be hailed as "first-footer."

The Midnight Runaway.

He was about to put into practice this plan of campaign when the sound of galloping hoofs and rattling wheels on the frost-bound road broke upon his ears. The noises were coming from the Newcastle side of the moor, and showed that the carriage, or whatever it might be, was coming toward Bedlington at a tremendous pace. Geordie stopped to listen. Louder and louder grew the hoofbeats, and nearer and nearer the angry thunder of the wheels.

"Aw do b'lieve," cried Geordie, "that 'tis some runaway."

The boy ran across the snow-covered field, and leaped upon a broad-

bank, separating the farm from the high road. He could see far across the moors from his elevated position, and many minutes had not passed before his keen eyes discerned the supposed "runaway" as it passed the Broughley larch wood, and whirled into the open. It was a heavy carriage drawn by two horses, and approaching at a pace which could not possibly be desirable to its occupants. Indeed Geordie, listening intently, already heard shrieks and cries for aid from the vehicle. He shouted himself to call help from the farmhouse, but the wind was blowing in a contrary direction and his cries went for naught.

Geordie could now discern a man upon the box seat, but he also saw that the reins had fallen and were trailing over the snow beside the off horse. The boy knew not what to do. He was brave enough in all conscience, but his North country sense told him that no effort on his part could stop the advancing team. So he kept his



THE RUNAWAY.

place on the fence, watching the flying horses and the rocking, reeling carriage like one spellbound.

In the Snow.

The end of the mad race was nearer than he thought. Just as the "runaway" reached a point about one hundred yards away the off horse's foot caught in the trailing reins. There was a stumble, a fall, and in the passing of breath the carriage had been overturned in the soft snow by the roadside. A scream louder than any which he had yet heard awoke Geordie from his lethargy. He jumped from the fence into the road just as the horses released from bondage in the wreck of the carriage went galloping past him, still held together by the center-pole.

Through the snow ran Geordie as fast as his short, but sturdy legs could carry him; until, reaching the scene of the overthrow, he found the coach driver trying to extract a fashionably dressed lady from the carriage, while a little girl in a fur hood stood by, her blue eyes extended in alarm too great for tears.

"Oh-h, mamma! Don'tee hurt my mamma!" cried the little girl. "I do t'ink she's gone asleep."

Then Geordie noticed, as he lent a hand uninvited to draw the lady from the wreck, that there was no apparent life in the body which he grasped.

"Is she dead?" he whispered to the driver.

"Na-na, ma lad. She's nobbut fainted awa'!" was that unlucky functionary's reassuring answer. Then he and Geordie pulled with might and main until they had finally laid the insensible form upon the snowbank.

To Farmer Pringle's.

"Now, what'ee goin' to do?" queried the small lady in the fur hood. "Bad horses run away. Nellie saw 'em. What'ee goin' to do, Mister Dwiver?"

The driver scratched his head and looked at Geordie. "Eh, lad," he said, "be there a hoose nearby?"

Geordie pointed silently up the hill, to where shone the hospitable lights of Lazybeck. "Xon's ma granfather's hoose," he answered. "You carry the lady, an' a'll bring the—the lassie."

The lady was fortunately of slender build, so the driver easily lifted her in his strong arms; while Geordie held out his hand to the child. She of the fur cape looked at him doubtfully for a moment, and then accepted his hand.

"Oo good boy, I fink," she sententiously remarked. "What oo name?"

Geordie told her, and learned in return that she had been christened "Nellie." Then the party set forth, the boy and girl going first to point out the road for the driver and his burden.

A Brave First Footer.

By this time Geordie had forgotten all about New Year's morning and "first footer," so thrilling had been his recent adventure. It was not until the very moment that he had reached the threshold stone of the farmhouse and stepped aside to let Miss Nellie pass in, that he remembered. Then, just as the tiny in the fur hood toddled through the

way into the glow of the cosy kitchen, rang the chimes from Bedlington church proclaiming the death of the year and the birth of the New Year.

There was a great moving of within, and the sound of wondering above all of which Geordie could hear that of his grandfather exclaiming: "The first footer—forybe 'tis. Na' some angel fra' hiven!"

Then Geordie and the driver entered to increase the wonderment, and it was a considerable time before the cause of the strange influx of visitors could be explained to John Pringle and his family. Finally the women folk carried off the lady to the farmhouse guest room to be revived by dint of hartshorn and other remedies; while Miss Nellie was perched on a stool by the fire to warm her wet feet, and receive the homage due to a "first footer." All the family clustered around the child and made much of her—all except old Farmer John and Geordie. The farmer's brow was puckered as though with doubt, and Geordie presented a comical imitation of his grandfather.

A Sweet Surprise.

At length the old man broke the silence. "A doant find no fault," he said, "wi' you bonnie first footer, on the score of youth an' beauty. So far as they go, she 'll bring us good luck, sure enow. But aw fear she'll no be but a foreigner—not of our race, let alone of our kin."

Then fixing his keen eyes on the child, he solemnly asked: "Ma lass, what be thy name?"

"Nellie," came the answer.

"Nellie's a bonnie name, ma lass; but hast thou na other?"

The child pondered prettily a minute, and then triumphantly replied: "Oh, yeth. Nellie Pringle, o' Noo York, United States, 'Merica."

"Eh!" roared Farmer John, leaping from his elbow-chair, rheumatism notwithstanding. "What said the lassie? Be I a-dreamin'? What said she?"

A dozen voices repeated the child's answer, and at this juncture the mother, restored to consciousness, appeared in the kitchen leaning on the arm of one of the farmer's buxom daughters.

"I have just learned, sir," she said, speaking to the farmer, "that providence has been peculiarly kind to me in bringing



I'M YOUR SON'S WIFE.

me straight to your door. I am the wife of your son, Grover Pringle, who has come over from America to spend a few months in old England. Your son was detained in Newcastle, and sent me on ahead."

"Thou art ma son's wife," repeated the old man. "Then you, little maid, is—"

"Is your grandchild—kiss your grandfather, Nellie, dearest."

The lines of doubt vanished simultaneously from the brow of old John and young Geordie.

As the farmer caught little Nellie in his arms, his other grandchild exclaimed joyously: "The lassie's our own kin, after a grandfather!"

"Aye, me lad," said John Pringle, as Nellie nestled in his embrace.

"Then aw'm main glad," observed Geordie. "She'll be a lucky first footer after a'."

"Music Hath Charms."

That mice and rats have a fondness for music is well known, and an English musician tells of his experience in that line. He declared that one evening, while playing in his parlor, three mice came out and began to caper about on the hearthrug, apparently with delight at the sound of the music. Upon the entrance of the musician's wife two mice ran away, but the third was so absorbed, or overcome, that it followed her away with a broom.

'STOOHCS

seems to be dressing in the old-fashioned soldier and the white pantaloons, the summer dragon.

The air contains no more flashy dandy than our little climber. The American farmer boys used to call him a hes probably from his dress, and possibly cause he committed depredations on cornfields. Very bright and military looks, too, in his gaudy pompon, jacket and white pantaloons, and he certainly has the gay, debonnaire bearing of a son of Mars. He is also a bold lover never hesitates to declare his fe for his sweetheart. No jolly tar or goon was ever more ready to assu claims to the object of his love.

Our little red cap is a rather peculiar and wonderful fellow among the fowls several particulars. Most of the small birds dress in sober colors to avoid observation of the hawks and owls, this little scensor defies all danger dresses as he pleases. His very boldness or his skill in dodging, seems to protect him, for rarely has a woodpecker been known to fall a victim to the hawks and owls.

His modest dame also adopts the plan of the toucan, placing her eggs in a small cave dug in an old pine tree, so that while she sits on them only the point of her sharp bill is presented to her enemies. In my boyhood I have seen hundreds—even thousands—of them spending their happy summers and raising their broods on our old plantation; but I have rarely seen a dead red-top except those that were brought to the ground by the farmer boy who was testing for the first time the gun given him by Santa Claus or some similar friend.

The summer home, or brooding place, of the woodpecker is a small cave dug in the sap of an old pine tree. The opening to the cave is barely large enough to admit the body of the bird, and is generally under a knot or limb or in such a position as to shield it against the weather. Within it is enlarged and extended slightly downward, so as to give the brooding bird a comfortable position on the nest, while her beak is ever presented at the opening. It is the duty of the male bird to prepare this home and to guard it while his little wife cares for the eggs and babies. During this season he allows no visitors, even from his nearest kinfolks and neighbors.

Many a time have I seen Master Woodpecker attack viciously a too curious neighbor that came near the family residence and who seemed to me only desirous of asking about the health of the family. Often have I seen the brave little rascals clinch and claw and peck each other until they fell to the ground, and in one instance I picked them up while engaged in the deadly conflict. These often seemed to me to be cases of jealousy, but it may have resulted from extra solicitude about the little ones; for I have rarely seen any bird provide so abundantly for the comfort of the brood as the dandy woodpecker. After the brood is hatched our gay gallant is a busy body indeed, for the little mother is rather feeble as well as the babies, and all need worms—good fat worms, oyster worms—to build them up, and they need them by the hundred every day. True, the mother helps later on, but not at first. Now where is our redtop to find so many worms except among the tassels of the corn and at the upper ends of the ears? Well, here he has learned to hunt them, and that venture has brought on him the suspicion that he is a robber or a thief and steals the farmer's corn. What a mistake! He is only helping by destroying the worms which would themselves destroy the planter's corn.

I wonder if any Atlanta boy has ever seen a red-headed woodpecker. This spruce dandy does not court town society, and I have never known him to visit the city markets, either alive or dead. He does not find his game here, and our pot hunter does not seek him for food. Yet, as I have already said, he is a curious fellow and is well worth the attention of any boy in town or country.

He has a funny way of hunting his game and an ingenious method of capturing it, which our busy ones have probably overlooked. He has a good eye and a pretty good ear, a flat body and very sharp claws, which last he uses to cling to the bark of trees and other objects—not for tearing and killing his game, as do hawks and owls. These sharp claws make him a good climber; hence he is called a scensor, a member of the scensors family.

Now, as we said, his food is not corn or grain at all, but worms, and these worms, "sawyers," he finds in vast abundance under the bark and in the sap of old pine trees.

If the sawyers are just under the bark, Master Redtop, with his strong beak, soon tears away the covering and carries a large bill of goods to his hungry babies. Sometimes the worms burrow deep into the sap. Then the dandy must go "a-hunting." He crawls slowly along the surface until he finds a worm hole. Then he drums lightly with his beak and listens with his ear at the opening. If the hidden worm makes the slightest movement, the bird is sure to detect it and to immediately insert his long probing tongue to find the coveted prize. This tongue is a peculiar one and admirably adapted to the needs of the bird. It is like no other tongue in its arrangement, for it extends back behind and over the head and is capable of extraordinary protrusion. It is also barbed at the end like a fish hook, so that it is capable of deep galling, and when it once pierces a worm, that sawyer can hardly hope to escape.

With all these advantages it is not wonderful that our red-headed woodpecker feeds his family well and that the species increases rapidly where the old dead pines are plentiful.

I need not ask the country boy if he knows the woodpecker, especially if the boy has a red head, for he is very apt to receive that name among his associates, and if cruel fate gives him freckles also, as she is apt to do, he receives the modified name of "Turkey Egg Woodpecker." I happened to belong to this latter class, and when one of my neighbor maidens became incensed with her red-headed admirer and told him if he was "only set on a stump the red-headed woodpeckers would feed him," I felt all the sting concealed in those reproachful words. Now they tell me that the blonds are in the front, and even the brunettes are bleaching their hair to be in the fashion.

So then make way now for the little red-headed dandy of the cornfields! He is in the modern fashion in complexion and in impudence of manner. He is all the gaudy colors I introduce into my brilliant

THE GREATEST MAN

Arp Tells of the Difference of Opinion
Among His Neighbors

WHEN ASKED THE QUESTION

Who Was the Greatest Man of the Last
Half Century—Influences Caused
Some Answers.

It was a goodly company and a bounteous feast. While enjoying both we discussed the affairs of the nation in a philosophical mood, and in a temperate, considerate manner expressed our opinions of men and measures—noting the differences that honestly possessed each different guest. I ventured to ask a question that each might answer. Who is the greatest American, living or dead, of the last half century? It would be surprising to hear the answers to this question in any little coterie of intelligent, well-educated gentlemen. Almost every man has his idol whom he worships or admires, not without reason, but with more regard than is justly due. We are drifted into channels of thought by circumstances, by surroundings, by heredity. We become the creatures of prejudice, both in politics and religion. This is human nature and there is nothing wrong about it when it is kept within bounds of toleration for the opinions of others. Only the intolerant get up discord.

"Who is the greatest man?" I asked. "Grover Cleveland," said Mr. Fite. "Bob Tombs and General Grant," said Mr. Fite. "Dr. Atticus Haygood," said Judge Akin. "Jefferson Davis," said Mr. Caroy. "Ah, there now," they all responded. "Of course—of course—Jefferson Davis was the greatest man—the very greatest man." When I was called to respond I said: "None of you are old enough to have seen the greatest man, but I saw him when I was a lad and he put his hand upon my head and said kind and tender words to me. He was passing through our town and my father took me to the hotel that I might see the greatest man, the best man in the nation, as he called him. It may be that his benediction upon me has had something to do with my hero worship, my idolatry, but my occasional perusal of his biography and his speeches have confirmed me in my opinions. He has been dead forty-five years, but I still believe that John C. Calhoun was the greatest man. He was the model upon which Jefferson Davis built his own great character."

Now, see how our little party differed and their differences can be traced to some collateral influences. Emory college and John Wesley Methodism had something to do with Judge John Wesley Akins' idolatry. I suspect that his second choice would be Judge Bleckley, whom he loves to speak of. He visited Judge Bleckley at Clarksville not long ago and listened eagerly as he discoursed of his early life. "My mother," said he, "was not an educated woman. She was not a beautiful woman. In fact, she was homely. I never saw her look beautiful but once, only once, and that was when she was dead and was shrouded for the coffin. She looked like an angel sleeping there. And I wept great tears of sorrow. My heart was almost breaking, for she had been such a dear, good mother to me." The judge paused long enough to wipe the tears that came from his cavernous eyes and to recover his usual speech. "But, my friend, her life and her religion was all concentrated in one beautiful word, the most beautiful in our language and that is duty. There is no greatness that is really great without it. My dear mother's daily life, thought and deed was one of duty—duty to God and her family and neighbors. She never spoke if it not boasted of it, but she did it and we saw it and loved her—yes, we loved every feature of her sweet and homely face. I do not owe all to her, but I do owe the better part—yes, all that is tender and loving and true."

Mr. Jarrall spoke of General Grant's greatness as a military commander and his magnanimity toward us after we were conquered. In that was the heroism of his character. Then he spoke of Tombs' wonderful gifts as an orator and statesman and patriot, but lamented that for so long a time he failed to set a high moral example to the young men of the state. After he had joined the church he occasionally was overcome by temptation—his besetting desire for stimulants, and in all seriousness he spoke of it to Bishop Pearce, his life long friend and wanted a theological explanation.

"Now George," said he, "if I am really overruled, why is it that I crave whisky and why is it that I can't resist the desire. It seems to me that a true Christian should have no unholy desires. May be I am not converted."

Mr. Fite is an office holder and an office seeker, both of which are honorable and he has been following old Grover so long that he will not forsake him now. Mr. Caroy is not troubled much with present politics. His ideal is dead and he loves to worship at his shrine. There are many of his mind but they make but little noise in the noisy world.

I, too, love to worship there and at Mr. Calhoun's, too. I love to read what the great men, his rivals, said about Mr. Calhoun when it was announced in the senate that he was dead. Mr. Webster said: "He was a man of great genius and commanding talent. All the world admits that. When he last addressed us we could imagine that we saw before us a senator from Rome when Rome survived. His high character was one of unimpeached honor and unspotted integrity. I do not believe he ever had a selfish motive or selfish feeling." Henry Clay said: "His genius was of the very highest order and the charm of his presence and his powers were felt by all who conversed with him." Edward Everett said: "Calhoun, Clay and Webster! I name them in their proper order. The great thinker, the great leader, the great orator." Duty patriotic duty, was his life work. I've been wondering what he had to do with the Monroe doctrine. He was Monroe's secretary of state when it was enunciated and I reckon was its inspiration. But after all, Mr. Calhoun's most lovable qualities were seen in his private life as husband, father, friend and neighbor. In all these he was pure and without reproach. What more need be said of him. I wished to say this much in justification of my idolatry. I have been to Fort Hill, where he used to live, and sat at the great table that was made of walnut taken from the frigate Constitution. I have handled the books in his library and looked at the beautiful paintings in his picture gallery. I have walked down the steps and drank water from the fountain that he drank from and I feel like a pilgrim who goes to Mecca.

New clock tinker men indulge in these new fangled ideas and when they have the him thereby let them study his character. Calhoun like to give a reason for the a malt house a them. We used to debate him to the sea we were boys at school and to be excused to these: "Who deserves most to do it. Yo, Columbus for discovering the house and Washington for defending it." He said that then young America now is quietly drawn back. They don't care any more for Calhoun. He came as a Spaniard's right side. Western is given tone and he wanted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is a organ of the stomach. In fact, the whole body of Hood's.

COULD BE HAPPY WITH EITHER.



He—Will you marry me?
She—Ask mamma.
He—I did this morning. She refused me.

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT THERE.



He—I do not believe I shall ever marry. I haven't the courage to propose.
She—Why not court a widow?

PEELER IKE'S REWARD.



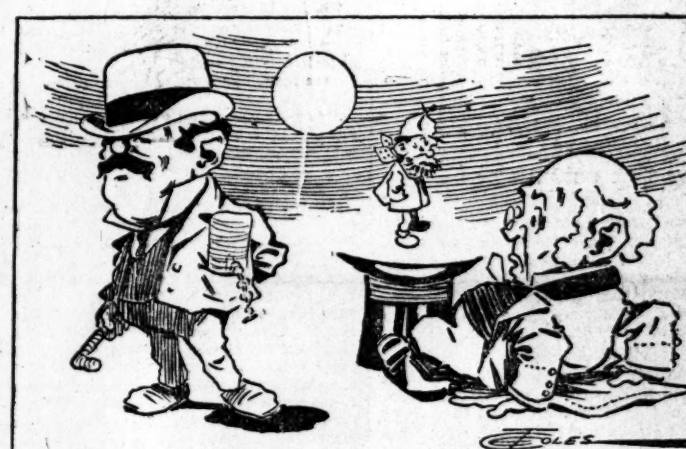
1. Bangem Up—Money or yer life. Gimme yer watch.



3. Millionaire—How can I ever repay you for your kindness, my dear friend?



2. Peeler Ike (to the rescue)—How dare you take that gentleman's watch and pocket book? Give 'em to me this instant!



4. Peeler Ike—I'm amply repaid with these. Thank you—good day.

ACCOMMODATING.



Beggar—Say, mister, won't yer gimme th' price of a meal?
Capitalist—I have nothing smaller than a hundred dollar bill.
Beggar—Well, I kin change it fer yer.

AH! THAT'S THE QUESTION.



Jack—What is your favorite drink—champagne or beer?
Harry—it depends. Is it your treat, or mine?

THE DECEPTIVE GAME BAG.



1. Mr. Bunny—Don't be scared, my dear, it's one of those female sports. You can tell by her bloomers. She can't hit anything.



2. Jack Snap Shot—You don't say—bang! bang!

MOVING TO TOWN.

Plunkett Writes on the Great Mistake
of Country People,

WHO BECOME DISSATISFIED

With Life in the Country and Move
to Town To Make a Living.
Some Sad Pictures.

For The Constitution.

From an editorial in The Constitution of a few days ago I learn that the great state of New York has taken action to ascertain the cause and to suggest a remedy for the people moving to the towns.

Such action has come none too soon, and other states should follow the example of New York and stir themselves to find out the cause and a remedy.

I have seen the danger in this flocking to towns for a long time and have cried out against it, but still it continues. Hardly a day passes but what I see movers pass along the big road bound for Atlanta, and this in the face of the fact that many are moving away to engage in rural pursuits.

Country people ought to understand that if people brought up in the towns cannot stay there, it is foolish for them to be going. But they will go if it seems, and one after another has his experience and returns a wiser but a sadder man.

I think there could be nothing wrong in giving the experience of a family that came in contact with as they went into the city. He was a strong mountain man and his family was blooming with all the health and strength that their region could give. He drove a good yoke of oxen to a covered wagon; had two good cows along; meat of his own raising was at the campfire supper; he had some eighty-dollar in his pocket, and was braced up in his hopes of the future by the enthusiasm of two pretty country girls and a strong affectionate mother.

I sat and talked to them for some time after their supper was through with. The girls were carried away with getting to where they could earn their own living by working in the factories and mills, and I soon saw there was no use in my talking to them nor to their mother, for the good mother at once told me that she was tired seeing her pretty daughters nothing more than common farm hands, and she was certain that in a very short while after getting settled down in the city the girls would make money so fast that her and the old man would have nothing to do but to promenade around and do the marketing and such like.

I turned to the old man, who seemed to be sensible and substantial, and said to him: "Stranger, you have always had plenty to eat and good clothes to wear from where you came; have you not?"

"Yes," he said, simply. "You had better turn around in the morning and go back," I ventured.

"Well, well," he said, as he took the pipe from his mouth, "we can't accumulate anything much in the country, the girls are not satisfied there, and my good wife thinks we can do better in town, and if I was to say anything they might think I was trying to keep them back, so I think it is best as it is."

"Stranger," said I, "you know not what you are doing. These are pretty girls and smart girls; these are good oxen and fat oxen; your wagon is strong and your cows are good milkers; you have some money in your pockets, and now for heaven's sake, let me persuade you to take the back track—turn back, turn back, turn back!" "We'll make money," said the good wife quickly. "The people do well in town and I know my daughters are as smart as any of them. Don't you fret yourself; we'll work and accumulate, and then we won't mind going back. We are tired working and giving a big part for rent; we can't more than live and we are not going to stand it any longer."

I saw there was no use in talking to the old woman nor to the girls—I could see that they agreed—as I turned to the old man.

"Chewing the bag is proof of the pudding," I said.

"Yes," said he. "Well, you just go back to the settlement you are leaving and bring me a hundred of the men that treat these—tenants, as they are called. Let them form a line out there in the big road. In the meantime, let me go to Atlanta and pick out one hundred of the best mechanics, skilled workmen of the city. Bring these mechanics and form a line along side of your tenants, and then let us take an inventory of what each line has; you will find that your country tenants have cows, steers, horses, pigs and a house to live in for a year, with firewood and without rent."

Besides, these tenants can always find time to take off a Saturday for picnicking, and the girls can have fried chicken, pie, candy and cakes when their associates visit them on Sunday."

"Yes, yes," said the stranger as he scratched his head and chuckled at the campfire.

"On the other hand," I resumed, "the line of men from the city—the skilled workmen—have nothing and more than owe for their week's rations and the clothes on their backs. They can take no Saturdays off in the same sense as the countrymen take them, and they have no savings that are free from cares, from anxieties and blessed with peace."

I saw that the old man was about ready to explode. I knew that it was folly for me to talk and I hurried, went on my way home and left them to discuss me as some old crank that did not like to see country people do well.

Two years passed away and one hot June day I saw a ragged old man and a careworn woman stop at my gate. It was the same old man and woman that I have been telling about.

"Come in, come in," said I, when I saw them hesitate at the gate. "Come in and make yourselves at home."

My old woman got their chairs as they walked into the porch, and after they were seated and had a cool drink of water, I turned and asked: "Where are you traveling?"

"Going back," said the man and his wife pulled her bonnet down over her face and dropped her eyes to the floor.

"What are your names?" I asked.

"Sold them," said the man.

"Where is your cow?" "Sold them!" "Where is your horse?" "Sold them!" "Where is the money?" "Spent."

So much as my part to help along the good work of the New York officials, I would like to do a great deal in this cause. There will be a great difference of opinion as to the cause of people moving to town in such great numbers.

Some will say that all the legislation for thirty years has been against the farming interest. Some will say one thing and some another. In all of us can say that there has been something wrong and that is what change.

Brown says that the fashion—the extravagant customs, is the matter. I don't know if it is love for dress, for display and for show has much to do with our recent conditions, but if it is I can tell the young generation that a girl can be just as sweet in a homespun dress as in a silk. There were never sweeter girls than the Georgia girls of war times, and there will never be. How proudly we used to sing:

"I love not the northern girl,
Her robes of beauty fair;
But give me the homespun dress
That southern women wear."

It was patriotic in those days to admire the plain dress—it was all sentimentalism, or "fashion," as Brown says, and this may help to a clew for the solving of a great question.

I am obliged to agree with Brown, that fashion has much to do with shaping all our desires. A young couple will marry in these days, and there is a fool sort of notion that a great lot of money should be spent; they must do this as to be in the fashion, and they will do it if it bursts the boiler. Why can't a young couple, just starting out in life, go to church in good jeans for the man and calico for the woman? Folks will think thus and so, is the answer, and the young people will either go to church, or else they strain themselves to meet the requirements of fashion to such an extent, that all their lives they live in a strain.

These strains are mighty bad. With sickness, or "out of work," or something that almost surely comes to every family, light upon one of these strained households, there is trouble, trouble, trouble!

I have heard that recent investigation has discovered 200,000 young men—country boys—now in the hospitals and charitable institutions of New York state. It does not tell anything about how many poor girls have been mistaken in changing from the purity of the home to industrial and commercial pursuits, but the number will be in proportion.

If I were a girl, I had much rather marry a plowboy than a city dandy; and if I was a young man I had much rather marry a cook than a doctor.

SARGE PLUNKETT.

Old and New School Books.

Bought, sold or exchanged at John M. Miller's, 21 Marietta street. sep 1-14.

MARY'S STRATEGEM.



1—"Ah, Mary!" cried a frightened man
Far in the woolly west,
"I greatly fear those lynchers, dear;
Your love's put to the test!"



2—"You've done no wrong, fear not," said
she,
"I've got my bloomers on,
Be not distressed, in this get dressed,
And do the washing, John!"



3—"The lynchers in mistaken
ad
They grabbed the wife, John saved his
By bending o'er the tub."



4—"And when beneath the tree they stood
And she removed her hat,
Her streaming hair made each man
stare
And shriek: "Where are we at?"



5—"Then bowing low the leader said:
"New woman has a clout;
Your husband may go free today,
The joke is on Judge Lynch!"

OUT FOR THE STUFF.



THE GREATEST MAN

Arp Tells of the Difference of Opinion
Among His Neighbors
WHEN ASKED THE QUESTION

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Some Answers.

It was a goodly company and a bounteous feast. While enjoying both we discussed the affairs of the nation in a philosophical mood, and in a temperate, considerate manner expressed our opinions of men and measures—noting the differences that honestly possessed each different guest. I ventured to ask a question that each might answer. Who is the greatest American, living or dead, of the last half century? It would be surprising to hear the answer to this question in any little coterie of intelligent, well educated gentlemen. Almost every man has his idol whom he worships or admires, not without reason, but with more regard than is justly due. We are drifted into channels of thought by circumstances, by surroundings, by heredity. We become the creatures of prejudice, both in politics and religion. This is human nature and there is nothing wrong about it when it is kept within bounds of toleration for the opinions of others. Only the intolerant get up discord.

"Who is the greatest man?" I asked. "Grover Cleveland," said Mr. F. E. P. Toombs and General Grant," said Mr. J. A. R. "Dr. Atticus Haygood," said Judge Akin, promptly. "Jefferson Davis," said Mr. Carey. "Ah, there now," they all responded. "Of course—of course, Jefferson Davis was the greatest man—the very greatest man." When I was called to respond I said: "None of you are old enough to have seen the greatest man, but I saw him when I was a lad and he put his hand upon my head and said kind and tender words to me. He was passing through our town and my father took me to the hotel that I might see the greatest man and the best man in the nation, as he called him. It may be that his benediction upon me has had something to do with my hero worship, my idolatry, but my occasional perusal of his biography and his speeches have confirmed me in my opinions. He has been dead forty-five years, but I still believe that John C. Calhoun was the greatest man. He was the model upon which Jefferson Davis built his own great character."

Now, see how our little party differed and their differences can be traced to some collateral influences. Emory college and John Wesley Methodism had something to do with Judge John Wesley Akin's idolatry. I suspect that his second cousin would be Judge Blackley, whom he loves to speak of. He visited Judge Blackley at Clarksville not long ago and listened eagerly as he discoursed of his early life. "My mother," said he, "was not an educated woman. She was not a beautiful woman. In fact, she was homely. I never saw her look beautiful but once, only once, and that was when she was dead and was shrouded for the coffin. She looked like an angel sleeping there and I wept great tears of sorrow. My heart was almost breaking, for she had been such a dear, good mother to me." The judge paused long enough to wipe the tears that came from his cavernous eyes and to recover his wonted speech. "But, my friend, her life and her religion was all concentrated in one beautiful word, that is duty. There is no greatness that is really great without it. My dear mother's daily life, thought and deed was one of duty—duty to God and her family and neighbors. She never spoke of it nor boasted of it, but she acted it and we saw it and loved her—yes, we loved every feature of her sweet and homely face. I do not owe all to her, but I do owe the better part—yes, all that is tender and loving and true."

Mr. Jarrall spoke of General Grant's greatness as a military commander and his magnanimity toward us after we were conquered. In that was the heroism of his character. Then he spoke of Toombs' wonderful gifts as an orator and statesman and patriot, but lamented that for so long a time he failed to get a high moral example to the young men of the state. After he had joined the church he occasionally was overcome by temptation—his besetting desire for stimulants, and in all seriousness he spoke of it to Bishop Pearce, his life long friend and wanted a theological explanation.

"Now George," said he, "if I am really converted, why is it that I crave whisky and why is it that I can't resist the desire. It seems to me that a true Christian should have no unholy desires. May be I am not converted."

Mr. Fife is an office holder and an office seeker, both of which are honorable to all honorable men and he has been following old Grover so long that he will not forsake him now. Mr. Carey is not troubled much with present politics. His ideal is dead and he loves to worship at his shrine. There are many of his kind but they make but little noise in the noisy world.

I, too, love to worship there and at Mr. Calhoun's, too. I love to read what the great men, his rivals, said about Mr. Calhoun when it was announced in the news that he was dead. Mr. Webster said: "He was a man of great genius and commanding talent. All the world admits that. When he last addressed us we could imagine that we saw before us a senator from Rome when Rome survived. His high character was one of unimpeached honor and unspotted integrity. I do not believe he ever had a selfish motive or selfish feeling." Henry Clay said: "His genius was of the very highest order and the charm of his presence and his powers were felt by all who conversed with him." Edward Everett said: "Calhoun, Clay and Webster! I name them in their proper order. The great thinker, the great leader, the great orator." Duty patriotism duty, was his life work. I've been wondering what he had to do with the Monroe doctrine. He was Monroe's secretary of state when it was enunciated and I reckon was its inspiration. But after all, Mr. Calhoun's most lovable qualities were seen in his private life as husband, father, friend and neighbor. In all these he was pure and without reproach. What more need be said of him. I wished to say this much in justification of my idolatry. I have been to Fort Hill, where he used to live, and sat at the great table that was made of walnut taken from the frigate Constitution. I have handled the books in his library and looked at the beautiful paintings in his picture gallery. I have walked down the steps and drank water from the fountain that he drank from and I feel like a pilgrim feels who goes to Mecca.

Now let younger men indulge in these recent episodes and when they have seen an idol let the study be character and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. We used to debate questions when we were boys at school that we ask to these days. "Who deserves the most praise, Columbus for discovering America, or Washington for defending it?" It's answer of young America now is "Comes and Macos. They don't care anything about Columbus. He came as a Spaniard."

THE HUMAN SYSTEM is given tone and regulated by the Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strengthens the organs of the stomach and aids digestion. In fact, the whole body is invigorated by Hood's.

COULD BE HAPPY WITH EITHER.



He—Will you marry me?
She—Ask mamma.
He—I did this morning. She refused me.

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT THERE.

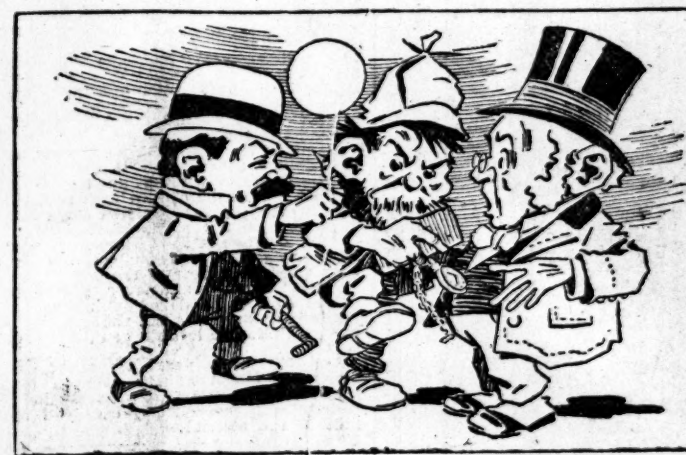


He—I do not believe I shall ever marry. I haven't the courage to propose.
She—Why not court a widow?

PEELER IKE'S REWARD.



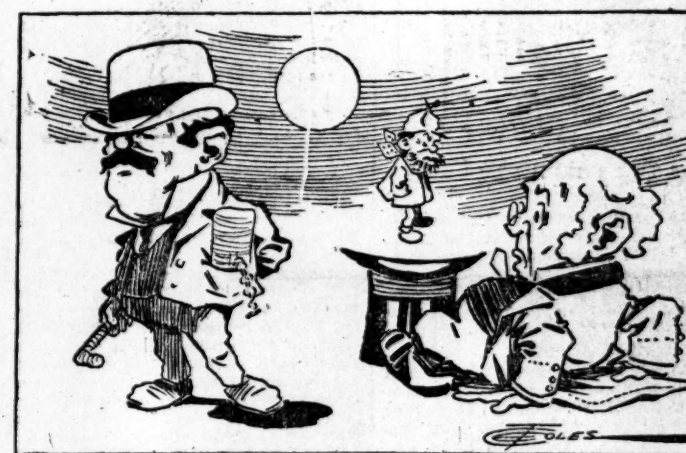
1. Bangem Up—Money er yer life! Gimme yer watch.



2. Peeler Ike (to the rescue)—How dare you take that gentleman's watch and pocket book? Give 'em to me this instant!



3. Millionaire—How can I ever repay you for your kindness, my dear friend?



4. Peeler Ike—I'm amply repaid with these. Thank you—good day.

ACCOMMODATING.



Beggar—Say, mister, won't yer gimme th' price of a meal?
Capitalist—I have nothing smaller than a hundred dollar bill.
Beggar—Well, I kin change it fer yer.

AH! THAT'S THE QUESTION.



Jack—What is your favorite drink—champagne or beer?
Harry—It depends. Is it your treat, or mine?

THE DECEPTIVE GAME BAG.



1. Mr. Bunny—Don't be scared, my dear, it's one of those female sports. You can tell by her bloomers. She can't hit anything.



2. Jack Snap Shot—You don't say—bang! bang!

MOVING TO TOWN.

Plunkett Writes on the Great Mistake
of Country People,
WHO BECOME DISSATISFIED
With Life in the Country and Move
to Town To Make a Living.
Some Sad Pictures.

For The Constitution.

From an editorial in The Constitution of a few days ago I learn that the great state of New York has taken action to ascertain the cause and to suggest a remedy for the people moving to the towns.

Surely such action has come none too soon, and other states should follow the example of New York and stir themselves to find out the cause and a remedy.

I have seen the danger in this flocking to towns for a long time and have cried out against it, but still it continues. Hardly a day passes but what I see moving vans along the big road bound for Atlanta, and this in the face of the fact that many are moving away to engage in rural pursuits.

Country people ought to understand that if people brought up in the towns cannot stay there, it is foolish for them to be going. But they will go it seems, and one after another has his experience and returns a wiser but a sadder man. I think there could be nothing wrong in giving the experience of a family that I came in contact with as they went into the city. He was a strong mountain man and his family was blooming with all the health and strength that their region could give. He drove a good yoke of oxen to a covered wagon; had two good cows along; meat of his own raising was as the cat's paw; he had some eighty-odd dollars in his pocket, and was braced up in his hopes of the future by the enthusiasm of two pretty country girls and a strong and affectionate mother.

I sat and talked to them for some time after their supper was through with. The girls were carried away with getting to where they could earn their own living by working in the factories and such like, and I soon saw there was no use in talking to them not to their mother, for the good mother at once told me that she was tired seeing her pretty daughters nothing more than slaves upon the farm, and she was certain that in a very short while after getting settled down in the city the girls would make money so fast that her and the old man would have nothing to do but to promenade around and do the marketing and such like.

I turned to the old man, who seemed to be sensible and substantial, and said to him:

"Stranger, you have always had a plenty to eat and good clothes to wear from where you came; have you not?"

"Yes," he said, simply.

"You had better turn around in the morning and go back," I ventured.

"Well, well," he said, as he took the pipe from his mouth, "we can't accumulate anything much in the country, the girls are just satisfied there, and my good wife thinks we can do better in town, and if I was to say anything they might think I was trying to keep them back, so I think it is best as it is."

"Stranger," said I, "you know not what you are doing. These are pretty girls and smart girls; these are good oxen and fat oxen; your wagon is strong and your down are good milkers; you have some money in your pockets, and now, for heaven's sake, let me persuade you to take the back track—turn back, turn back, turn back!"

"We'll make money," said the good wife quickly. "Other people do well in town and I know my daughters are as smart as any of them. Don't you fret yourself; we'll work and accumulate, and then we won't mind going back. We are tired working and giving a big part for rent; we can't more than live and we are not going to stand it any longer."

I saw there was no use in talking to the old woman nor to the girls—I could see that they agreed—so I turned to the old man.

"Chewing the bag is proof of the pudding," I said.

"Yes," said he.

"Well, you just go back to the settlement you are leaving and bring me a hundred of the men that rust there—rusty as they are called. Let them form a line out there in the big road. In the meantime, let me go to Atlanta and pick out one hundred of the best mechanics, skilled workmen of the city. Bring them, mechanics and farm as the countrymen take them, and then let us take an inventory of what each line has; you will find that your country tenants have cows, steers, horses, pigs and chickens to live in for a year, with stowed and without anxiety.

Besides, these tenants can always find time to take off a Saturday forenoon, and the girls can have fresh chickens, peas, cantaloupes and cabbages when their sweethearts visit them on Sunday."

"Yes, yes," said the stranger as he scratched his head and clunked the canopie.

"On the other hand," I resumed, "the line of men from the city—the skilled workmen—will have nothing, and more than apt over for their week's earnings and the clothes on their backs. They can take on Saturdays off in the same way as the countrymen take them, and they have no Sundays that are free from cares, from anxieties and blessed with peace."

I saw that the old man was about ready to explode. I knew that it was policy for me to hush and I hushed, went on my way home and left them to discuss me as some old crank that did not like to see country people do well.

Two years passed away and one hot June day I saw a ragged old man and a cowering woman stop on my gate. It was the same old man and woman that I have been telling about.

"Come in, come in," said I, when I saw them hesitate at the gate and make your selves at home.

"My old woman get them chairs as they walked in the door and after they were seated and had a cool drink of water, I turned and asked:

"Where are you traveling?"

"Going back," said the man and his wife pulled her bonnet down over her face and dropped her eyes to the floor.

"Where is your wagon?" I asked.

"Sold it," said the man.

"Where is your cow?"

"Sold them," said the man.

"Where is the money?"

"Spent."

So much as my part to help along the good work of the New York officials, I would like to make a great deal in this cause. There will be a great difference of opinion as to the name of people moving to town in such great numbers.

Some will say that all the legislation for thirty years has been nothing but farming interests. Some will say one thing and some another, but all of us can say that there has been something wrong and that it must change.

Brown says that the fashions—the extravagant customs, the matter. I don't know if it is one for dress, for display and style, that has led to this present condition, but if it is I can tell the young generation that a girl can be as sweet in a homespun dress as in a silk. There were never sweeter girls than the Georgia girls of war times, and there will never be. How proud we used to sing:

"I envy not the northern girl,
Her robes of beauty fair;
But give to me the homespun dress
That southern women wear."

It was patriotic in those days to admire the plain dress—it was all sentimental as last, or "fashion," as Brown says, and this may help a clew for the solving of a great question.

I am obliged to agree with Brown, that fashion has much to do with changing all our desires. A young couple will marry in these days, and there is a fool sort of notion that a great lot of money should be spent; they must do this so to be in the fashion, and they will do it if it bursts the boiler.

Why can't a young couple, just starting out in life, go to church in good jeans for the man and calico for the woman? Folks will think this and so, is the answer, and the young people will either not go to church, or else they strain themselves to meet the requirements of fashion to such an extent, that all their lives they live in a strain.

These strains are mighty bad. When sickness, or "out of work," or something that almost sure to come to every family, lights upon one of these strained households, there is trouble, trouble, trouble!

I have heard that recent investigation has discovered 200,000 young men—country boys—now in the hospitals and charitable institutions of New York state. It does not tell anything about how many per cent have been mistaken in changing from "keepers of the house" to industrial and commercial pursuits, but the number will be in proportion.

If I were a girl, I had much rather marry a plowboy than a city dandy, and if I was a young man I had much rather marry a cook than a clerk.

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MARY'S STRATEM.



1—"Ah, Mary!" cried a frightened man
Far in the woolly west,
I greatly fear those lynchings, dear;
Your love's put to the test!"



2—"You've done no wrong, fear not!" said
she,
"I've got my bloomers on,
Be not distressed in this get dressed,
And do the washing, John!"



3—"The lynchings in mistaken and
Came on with wild hub-ab,
They grabbed the wife, John saved his
By bending o'er the tub."



4—"And when beneath the tree they stood
And she removed her hat,
Her streaming hair made each man
stare
And shriek: "Where are we at?"



5—"Then bowing low the leader said:
"New woman has a cinch;
Your husband may go free today,
The joke is on Judge Lynch."



6—"Then bowing low the leader said:
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ER REMEDY.

THE GREATEST MAN

App Tells of the Difference of Opinion
Among His Neighbors

WHEN ASKED THE QUESTION

Who Was the Greatest Man of the Last
Half Century—Influences Caused
Some Answers.

It was a goodly company and a bounteous feast. While enjoying both we discussed the affairs of the nation in a philosophical mood, and in a temperate, considerate manner, expressed our opinions of men and measures—noting the differences that honestly possessed each different guest. I ventured to ask a question that each might answer. Who is the greatest American, living or dead, of the last half century? It would be surprising to hear the answers to this question in any little coterie of intelligent, well educated gentlemen. Almost every man has his idol whom he worships or admires, and without reason, but with more regard than is justly due. We are drifted into channels of thought by circumstances, by surroundings, by heredity. We become the creatures of prejudice, both in politics and religion. This is human nature and there is nothing wrong about it when it is kept within bounds of toleration for the opinions of others. Only the intolerant get up discord.

"Who is the greatest man?" I asked. "Cromwell," said Mr. Fife. "Bob Toombs and General Grant," said Mr. Jarrell. "Dr. Atticus Haygood," said Judge Alkin. "Jefferson Davis," said Mr. Carey. "Ah, there now," the latter responded. "Of course—of course. Jefferson Davis was the greatest man—the very greatest man." When I was called to respond I said: "None of you are old enough to have seen the greatest man, but I saw him when I was a lad and he put his hand upon my head and said kind and tender words to me. He was passing through our town and my father took me to the hotel that I might see the greatest and best man in the nation, as he called him. It may be that his benevolence upon me has had something to do with my hero worship, my idolatry, but my occasional perusal of his biography and his speeches have confirmed me in my opinions. He has been dead forty-five years, but I still believe that John C. Calhoun was the greatest man. He was the model upon which Jefferson Davis built his own great character."

Now, see how our little party differed and their differences can be traced to some collateral influences. Emory college and John Wesley Methodism has something to do with Judge John Wesley Alkin's idolatry. I suspect that his second choice was Judge Elmore, whom he loves to speak of. He visited Judge Blackley at Clarksville not long ago and listened eagerly as he discoursed of his early life. "My mother," said he, "was not an educated woman. She was not a beautiful woman. In fact, she was homely. I never saw her look beautiful but once, only once, and that was when she was dead and was shrouded for the coffin. She looked like an angel sleeping there and I wept great tears of sorrow. My heart was almost breaking, for she had been such a dear, good mother to me." The judge paused long enough to wipe the tears that came from his cavernous eyes and to recover his life and her religion was all concentrated in one beautiful word, the most beautiful in our language and that is duty—duty. There is no greatness that is really great without it. My dear mother's daily life, thought and deed was one of duty—duty to God and her family and neighbors. She never spoke if it not boasted of it, but she acted it and we saw it and loved her—yes, we loved every feature of her sweet and homely face. I do not owe all to her, but I owe the better part—yes, all that is tender and loving and true."

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"Now George," said he, "if I am really converted, why is it that I crave whisky and why is it that I can't resist the desire. It seems to me that a true Christian should have no unholy desires. May I am not converted?"

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Now let younger men indulge in these pleasant episodes and when they have done an idol let them study his character and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. We used to debate questions when we were boys at school that were akin to these: "Who deserves the most praise, Columbus for discovering America, or Washington for defending it." The answer of young America now is Columbus and Maceo. They don't care anything about Columbus. He came as a Spaniard.

BILL ARP.

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COULD BE HAPPY WITH EITHER.



He—Will you marry me?
She—Ask mamma.
He—I did this morning. She refused me.

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT THERE.



He—I do not believe I shall ever marry. I haven't the courage to propose.
She—Why not court a widow?

PEELER IKE'S REWARD.



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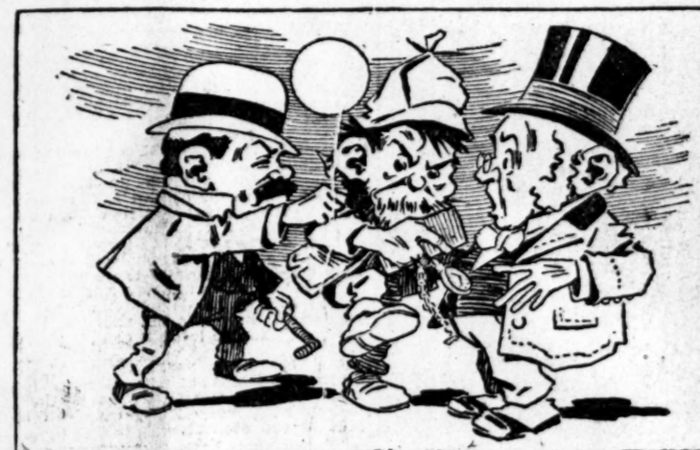


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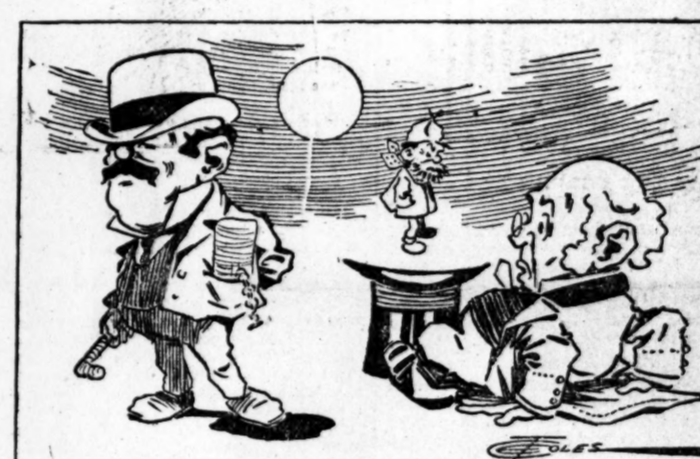
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of Country People,

WHO BECOME DISSATISFIED

With Life in the Country and Move
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Some Sad Pictures.

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Country people ought to understand that if people brought up in the towns cannot stay there, it is foolish for them to be going. But they will go it seems, and one after another has his experience and returns a wiser but a sadder man.

I think there could be nothing wrong in giving the experience of a family that I came in contact with as they went into the city. He was a strong mountain man and his family was blooming with all the health and strength that their region could give. He drove a good yoke of oxen to a covered wagon; had two good cows along; meat of his own raising was ate at the campfire supper; he had some eighty-dollar in his pocket, and was braced up in his hopes of the future by the enthusiasm of two pretty country girls and a strong affectionate mother.

I sat and talked to them for some time after their supper was through with. The girls were carried away with getting to where they could earn their own living by working in the factories and such like, and I soon saw there was nouse in my talking to them not to their mother, for the good mother at once told me that she was tired seeing her pretty daughters nothing more than slaves upon the farm, and she was certain that in a very short while after getting settled down in the city the girls would make money so fast that her and the old man would have nothing to do but to promenade around and do the marketing and such like.

I turned to the old man, who seemed to be sensible and substantial, and said to him: "Stranger, you have always had a plenty to eat and good clothes to wear from where you came; have you not?"

"Yes," he said, simply.

"You had better turn around in the morning and go back," I ventured.

"Well, wait," he said, as he took the pipe from his mouth, "we can't accumulate anything much in the country, the girls are not satisfied there, and my good wife thinks we can do better in town, and if I was to say anything, they might think I was trying to keep them back, so I think it is best as it is."

"Stranger," said I, "you know not what you are doing. These are pretty good smart smart girls; these are good oxen, and fat oxen; your wagon is strong and your doves are good milkers; you have some money in your pockets, and now, for heaven's sake, let me persuade you to take the back track—turn back, turn back, turn back!"

"We'll make money," said the good wife quickly. "Other people do well in town and I know my daughters are as smart as any of them, and you free yourself; we'll work and accumulate, and then we won't mind going back. We are tired working and giving a big part for rent; we can't more than live and we are not going to stand it any longer."

I saw there was no use in talking to the old woman nor to the girls—I could see that they agreed—so I turned to the old man and said: "Chewing the bag is proof of the pudding?" I said.

"Yes," said he.

"Well, you just go back to the settlement you are leaving and bring me a hundred of the men that front there—tenants, as they are called. Let them form a line out there in the big road. In the meantime, let us go to Atlanta and pick out one hundred of the best mechanics, skilled workmen of the city. Bring these mechanics and form a line along side of your tenants, and then let us take an inventory of what each line has; you will find that your country tenants have cows, steers, horses, pigs and a horse to live in for a year, with decreased and without salary."

Besides, these tenants can always find time to take of a Saturday for picknicking, and the girls can have fried chickens, pie, custards and cakes when their sweethearts visit them on Sunday."

"Yes, yes," said the stranger as he scratched his head and clunked the cigarette.

"On the other hand," I resumed, "the line of men from the city—the skilled workmen—will have nothing, and more than apt owe for their week's rations and the clothes on their backs. They can take no Saturdays off in the same sense as the countrymen take them, and they have no Sundays that are free from cares, from anxiety and blessed with peace."

I saw that the old was about ready to explode. I knew that it was policy for me to hush and I hushed, went on my way home and left them to discuss me as some old crank that did not like to see country people do well.

Two years passed away and one hot June day I saw a ragged old man and a ragged woman stop at my gate. It was the same old man and woman that I have been telling about.

"Come in, come in," I said, when I saw them trudge as they came. "Come in and make yourselves at home."

My old woman got them chairs as they walked into the porch, and after they were seated and had a cool drink of water, I turned and asked:

"Going back, said the man and his wife pulled her bonnet over her face and dropped her eyes to the floor.

"Where is your wagon?" I asked.

"Sold it," said the man.

"Where is your steers?"

"Sold them," said the man.

"Where is the money?"

"Spent," said the man.

So much as my part to help along the good work of the New York officials. I would like to do a great deal in this cause. There will be a great difference of opinion as to the cause of people moving to town in such great numbers.

Some will say that all the Legislature, for thirty years has been, against the farming interest. Some will say that the farmers have been mistaken in their own minds and some say that the farmers have been misled by some of the countrymen who have been making money and that they must change.

Brown says that the fashion—the extravagant, customs, is the matter. I don't know if it is true for dress, for display, for show, but he has his own opinion. He says that the girls have been misled by some of the countrymen who have been making money and that they must change.

Why can't a young couple, just starting out in life, get to church in good jeans for the man and calico for the woman? Folks will think this and so, in the answer, and young people will either not go to church, or else they strain themselves to meet the requirements of fashion to such an extent, that all their lives they live in a strain.

These strains are mighty bad. When sickness, or "out of work," or something like that comes sure comes to every family, lights upon one of these strained households, there is trouble, trouble, trouble!

I have heard that recent investigation has discovered 200,000 young men—country boys—not the hospitals and charitable institutions of New York state. It does not tell anything about how many poor girls have been mistaken in changing from "keepers of the house" to industrial and commercial pursuits, but the number will be in proportion.

If I were a girl, I had much rather marry a plowboy than a city dandy, and if I was a young man I had much rather marry a cook than a clerk.

SARAH PLUNKETT.

Old and New School Books.

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109-111.

MARY'S STRATEM.



1.—"Ah, Mary," cried a frightened man
Far in the woolly west,
"I greatly fear those lynchers, dear;
Your love's put to the test!"



2.—"You've done no wrong, fear not," said
she,
"I've not my bloomers on,
Be not distressed, in this get dressed,
And do the washing, John!"



3.—The lynchers in mistaken
val
Came on with wild hub-bub,
They grabbed the wife, John saved his
life
By bending o'er the tub.



4.—And when beneath the tree they stood
And she removed her hat,
Her streaming hair made each man
stare
And shriek: "Where are we at?"



5.—Then bowing low the leader said:
"New woman has a clutch;
Your husband may go free today,
The joke is on Judge Lynch!"

OUT FOR THE STUFF.



